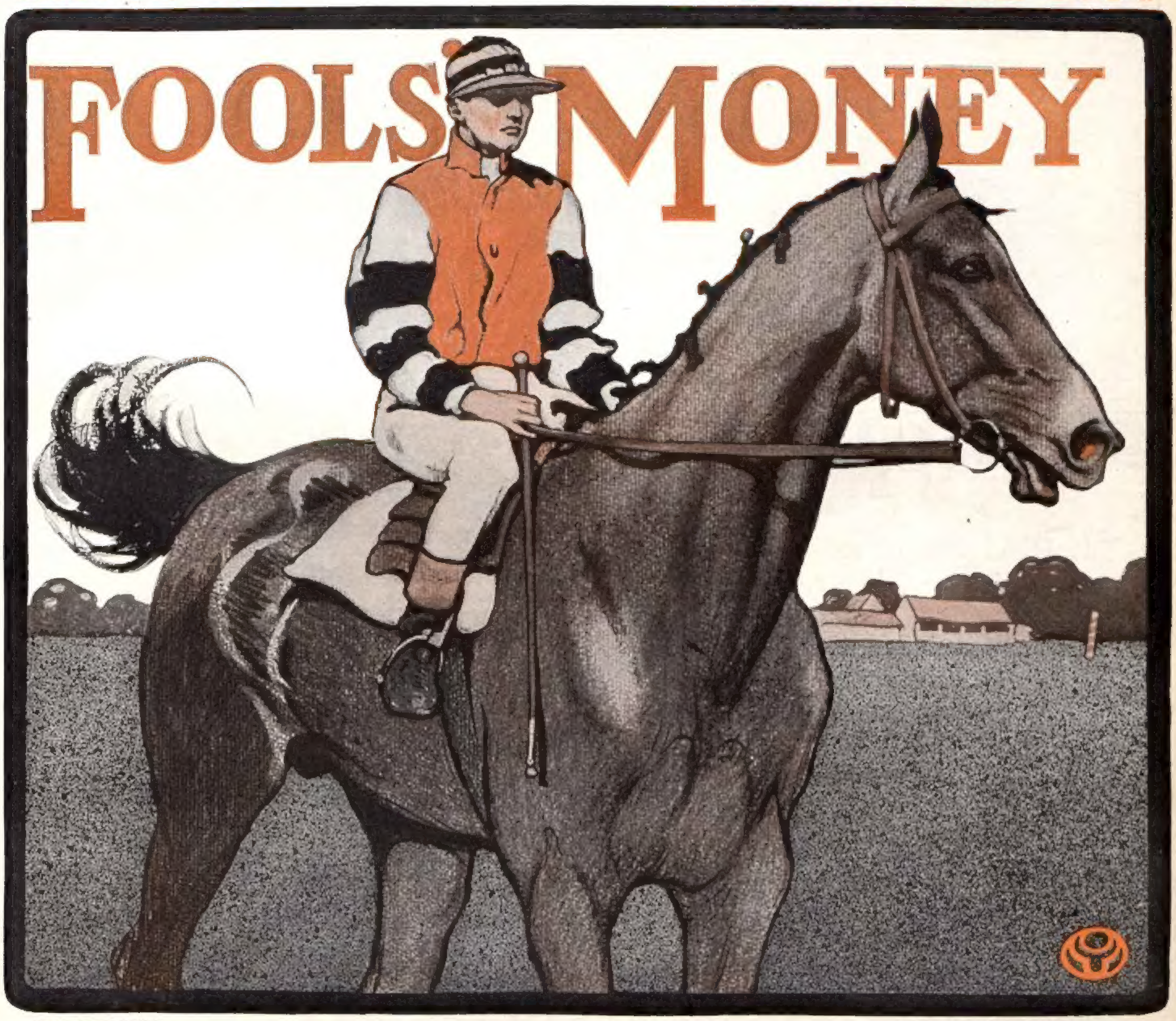
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A.º D.¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 19, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD

THE GODDESS GIRL—By Dorothea Deakin
THE SENATOR'S PRICE—By Will Payne
The Case of Mr. Carden—By Robert W. Chambers

Leaves from the diary of the late JOHN SMITH

January 1st 1906

I am going to begin the New Year by taking out a Policy in The Prudential. No more lying awake nights and worrying days about the future for me. I am going to make the future safe at least for the family.

February 4th 1906

I must take out that Prudential policy this month without fail.

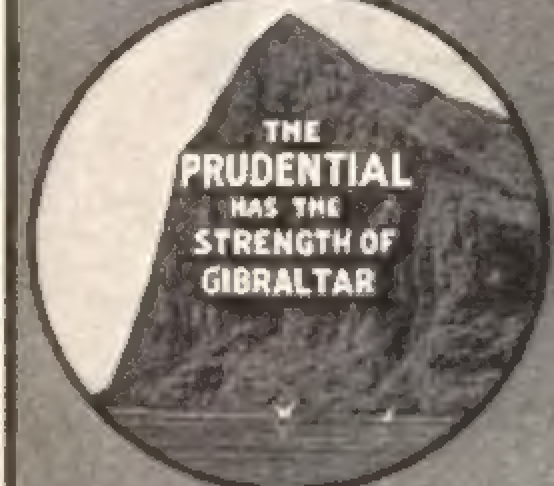
March 1st 1906

Was reminded by seeing an advertisement of The Prudential Company, that I had not yet taken out that Policy. Must do it at once.

MORNING NEWS

March 18th, 1906.

The affairs of John Smith, who passed away so suddenly a week ago, are being wound up. The estate is heavily involved. He left his family without life insurance.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President

Home Office
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Write for the name of a dealer who will quote you a special discount on your first purchase of Karpen Furniture. Dealers all over the country will have special sales of Karpen Furniture during May. Watch for them.

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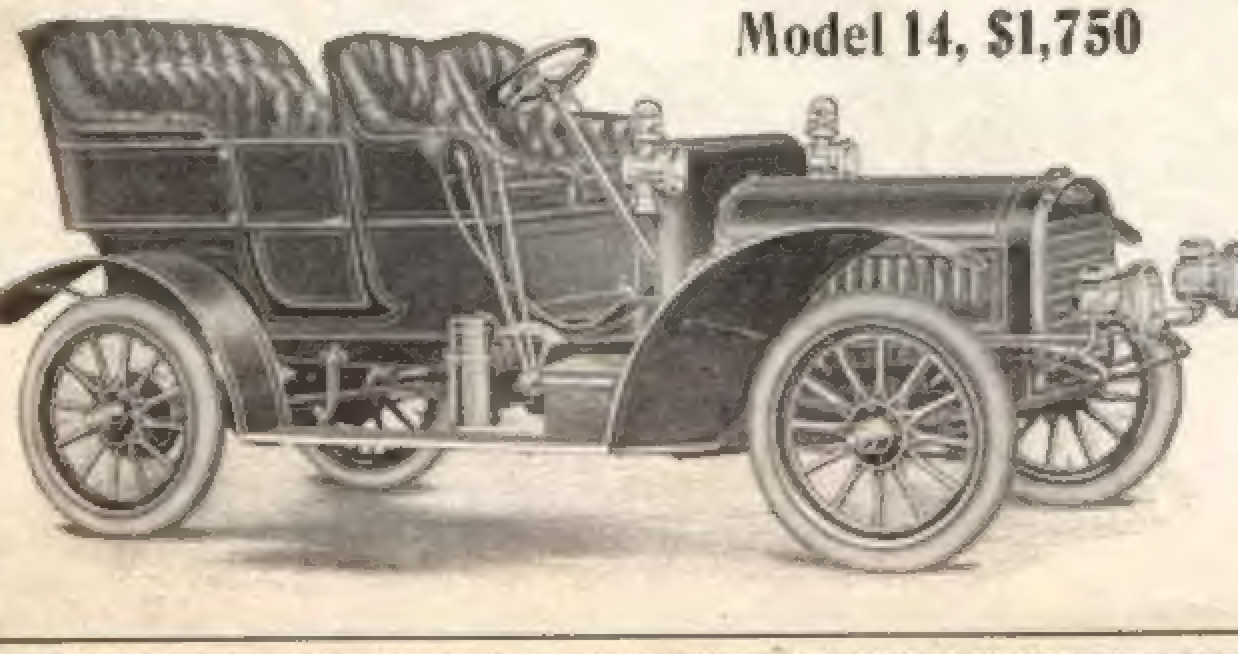

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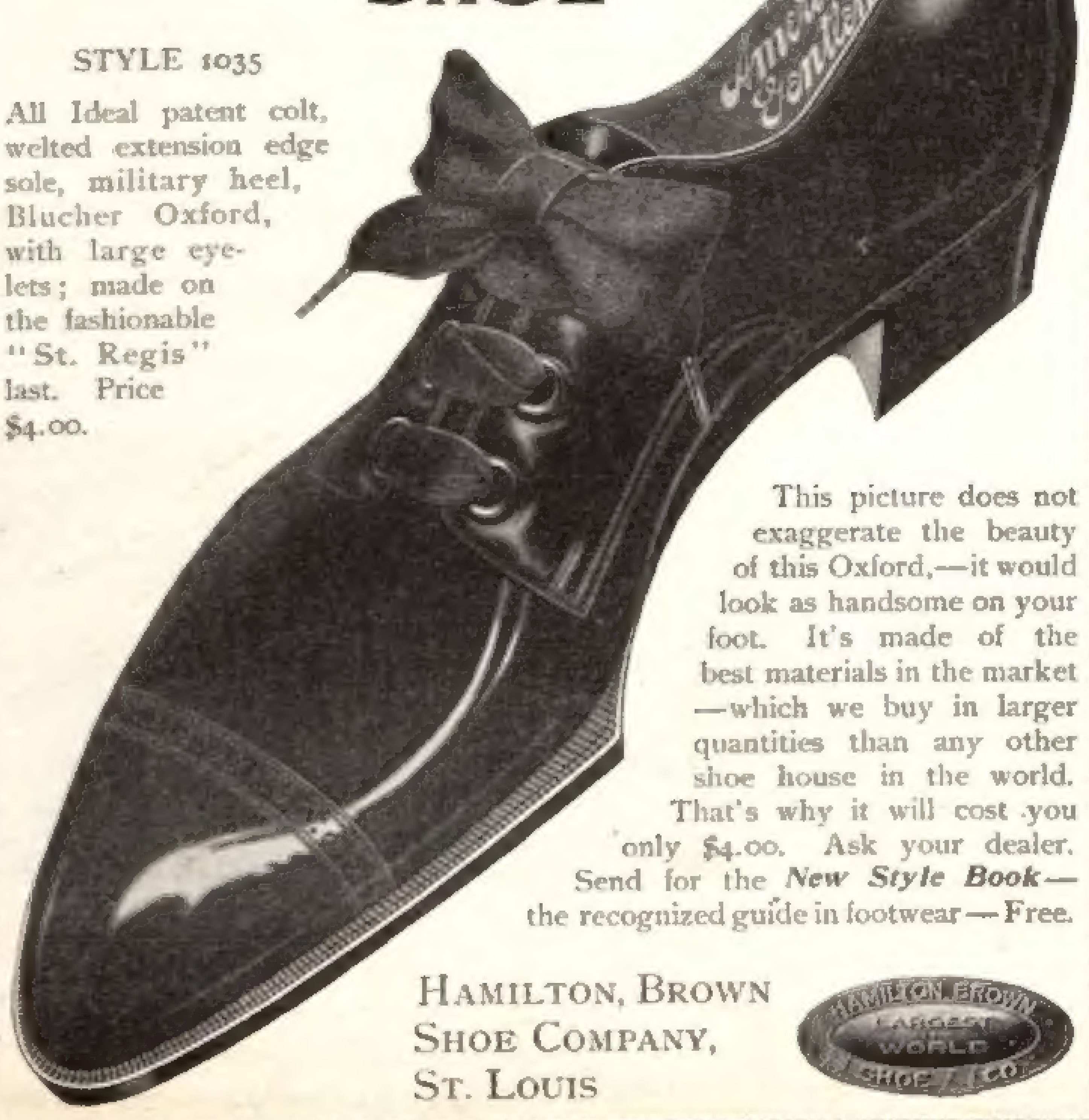
All Ideal patent colt, welted extension edge sole, military heel, Blucher Oxford, with large eyelets; made on the fashionable "St. Regis" last. Price $4.00.



This picture does not exaggerate the beauty of this Oxford,—it would look as handsome on your foot. It's made of the best materials in the market—which we buy in larger quantities than any other shoe house in the world. That's why it will cost you only $4.00. Ask your dealer. Send for the ***New Style Book***—the recognized guide in footwear—Free.

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$10,000 REWARD to anyone who can disprove this statement

If I could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the infinite care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas $3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other $3.50 shoe on the market to-day.

W. L. Douglas Strong Made Shoes for Men, $2.50, $2.00. Boys' School and Dress Shoes $2.50, $2, $1.75, $1.50.

CAUTION—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. Take no substitute. None genuine without his name and price stamped on bottom. *Fast Color Eyelets used; they will not wear brassy.* Write for Illustrated Catalog.

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HIS MASTER'S CHOICE IS A
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COAT SHIRT
MADE AS A CUSTOM SHIRTMAKER WOULD MAKE IT. IN WHITE AND COLOR-FAST FABRICS. $1.50 AND MORE
SEND FOR BOOK OF STYLES AND DEALER'S NAME.
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Largest Makers of Collars and Shirts in the World
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The "Two Minute" Safety Razor
will convince any man, in just two minutes, that it is not only a safety razor, but has points of merit which make it
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Try one and it will prove—
That the blade corners cannot *cut* and *slash* the face as they do on some other safety razors.
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Razor Complete, With 24 Sharp Blades, In Handsome Leather Case, $5.00
Ask your dealer. If he can't or won't supply you, write us. Get our Free Booklet anyway.
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PLAYER FOLK

Romeo and the Problem Play

ONE of the most persistent and conspicuous of first-nighters is a certain little lawyer who has achieved notoriety in the divorce courts, especially as promoter of what Harrison Grey Fiske once called the theatrical marry-go-round. On the first night of the Marlowe-Sothern production of Romeo and Juliet he was on hand with a party of guests, and made manifest his knowledge of the text by repeating the most familiar passages half a line ahead of the actors, in a nasal and rasping voice, the product of a life of court-wrangling. Thus while Miss Marlowe was saying, with the utmost vocal harmony, "A rose by any other name," he would be whispering, to the discomfiture of those who sat near, "would smell as sweet." Presently one of his party said: "Do they get married?" and after a brief hesitation he answered: "No." Then, with a belief in matrimony apparently unsullied, he added: "You know, it's a tragedy." During the scene in Juliet's room, the guest exclaimed: "My, but ain't it an awful play! I'd no sooner think of taking my little sister to see it than I'd think of taking her to Letty." Such is the fate of Shakespeare on Broadway!

Nerves and Mr. Mansfield

IT IS not to be denied that Richard Mansfield has, to say the least, an unusual temper; but most of the stories about him have been exaggerated in reporting them, and many of them are undoubtedly made of whole cloth.

Miss Margaret Anglin, as is well known, began in his company with only a few lines to speak; and when the leading lady proved inadequate he gave her the part, saying: "You look intelligent. Try what you can do with it." This was the real beginning of Miss Anglin's career. But presently Mansfield offended her, and she sent him her resignation. Her friends pleaded with her to reconsider the step, and advised her to hold on; but she was obdurate.

By-and-by A. M. Palmer, then Mr. Mansfield's manager, appeared with the olive branch.

"You know," he said, "Mr. Mansfield is a very nervous man."

"Tell Mr. Mansfield," Miss Anglin retorted, "that I am a very nervous woman!"

Mr. Mansfield saw the point and made his apologies. That is how Miss Anglin came to play Roxane in Cyrano de Bergerac.

Theatrical Advertising

ONE hundred and fifty performances is a long run for any play, but people wise in theatrical management are of the opinion that Man and Superman would have lasted the season out if it had been properly advertised. The most talked-of play of the year, it began by crowding the huge Hudson Theatre to the doors; but it was noticed that the audiences were almost exclusively composed of people of intelligence and fashion who were presumably already acquainted with Shaw. When this public was exhausted the attendance suddenly dwindled.

Meantime, next to nothing was done to create a new public. Billboards and ash-barrels were neglected, and the voice of the press agent was not heard in the Sunday paper. Even the announcement of the close of the run was inaudibly whispered, instead of being shouted like the usual "going, going—gone!"

The fact that the play has a strong popular appeal is scarcely to be questioned, in spite of the fact that the farcical characters and action are inspired by the abstruse philosophy of Nietzsche. A dramatic critic, wishing to test its attraction for the uneducated, sent his Swedish maid-servant and her *poika*.

"I couldn't help laughing," was the verdict. "She made up her mind that she was going to marry him, and when he ran away in his automobile she got another and chased him till she caught him!"

The critic is now fearful that the example will lose him an excellent servant.

NO soap gets so close as shaving soap. Therefore, in no soap is purity so important. The creamy, antiseptic lather of Williams' Shaving Soap leaves the skin even better for its use.

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Williams' Shaving Stick is put up in a strong, handsome metal box, covered with maroon leatherette. It is not only the most convenient form for travelers, but is constantly growing in popularity with those who shave themselves at home.

Williams' Shaving Sticks and Shaving Cakes sold everywhere. Send 4 cents in stamps for Williams' Shaving Stick or a cake of Williams' Luxury Shaving Soap, trial size. (Enough for 50 shaves.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
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GLASTONBURY, CONN.
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Ask your wife to use Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. As some-one recently remarked, "If Williams makes it it must be good."

Balance a Dollar

Shooting an apple from a boy's head is a steady job. If an engine shakes under a heavy load, it is a matter of time only, until something lets go. We are now speaking especially of high speed engines, although the same holds good with all.

A perfect engine would be one without noise or vibration *absolutely*. We have never built a perfect engine in all these eighteen years. But Ideal Engines (all high speed) border so closely onto perfection that a silver dollar will stand upon the cylinder and one can scarcely hear a sound under test. They run in oil, using their lubricants over and over. Ideal Engines are built for general purposes. They are built in all sizes and many styles. The Compound direct connected are extremely popular for electrical purposes on account of fuel saving, simplicity and regulation.

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Dixon makes the Graphite that makes the Motor go.
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JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,
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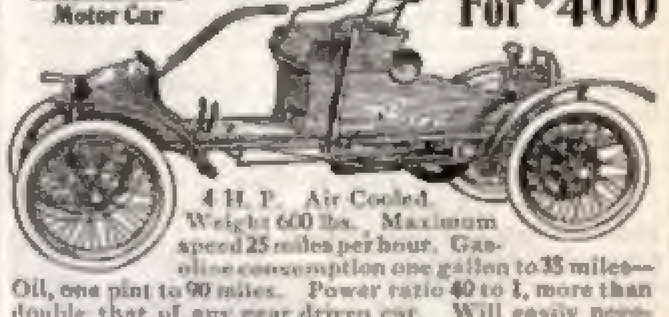

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To Be Well Dressed

at moderate cost, in clothing of style and quality — that will fit you perfectly, stay in shape and wear well — be sure to buy

Michaels-Stern Fine Clothing

The new Spring and Summer fashions in

Suits and Top Coats

$10, $12, $15, $18, $20, $25 and upwards

are now being shown by leading retailers in nearly every city in the Union.

Our new fashion booklet "E," "Styles from Life," and name of dealer in your town, *free* upon request.

MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
Manufacturers
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Ralston Health Shoes $4.

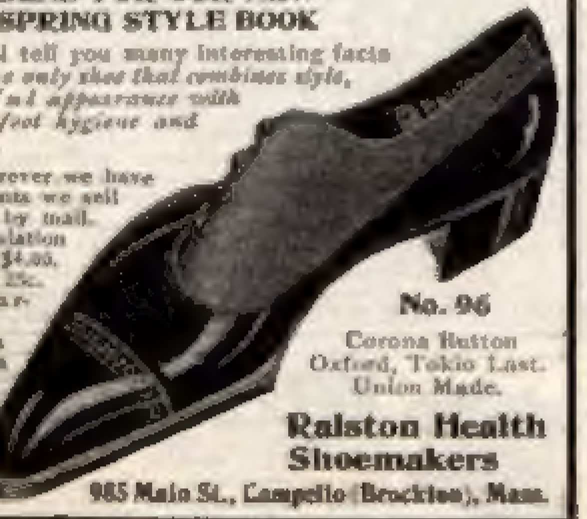
The outside of a Ralston Shoe is NOT DIFFERENT from any high-grade custom shoe that is made according to the dictates of fashion and the latest shoe ideas prevailing in the great style centres. That is why you can choose any one of the designs shown in our *New Spring Catalogue* and feel assured that you are wearing shoes *correct in every point of style.*

The inside of a Ralston Shoe is NOT LIKE the inside of any other shoe manufactured — because every Ralston Shoe is shaped over our own anatomical last which duplicates every line and curve of the human foot. That is why, when you put a Ralston Shoe on, it *fits* and *feels* as though it were the hundredth rather than the first time. Ralstons need no breaking in.

SEND FOR OUR NEW SPRING STYLE BOOK

It will tell you many interesting facts about *the only shoe that combines style, graceful appearance with perfect foot hygiene and comfort.*

Wherever we have no agents we sell direct by mail. Regulation price $4.00, plus 25c. for carriage. Price in Canada $5.00.



No. 96
Corona Button Oxford, Tokio Last. Union Made.

Ralston Health Shoemakers
985 Main St., Campello (Brockton), Mass.

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
423 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued today from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Concerning Popular Novels

SOME notable books have had their initial publication in this magazine. The best of Owen Wister's *Virginian* appeared serially in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Harold Frederic's *The Market Place*, Frank Spearman's *Daughter of a Magnate*, Frank Norris' *The Pit*, Alfred Henry Lewis' *The Boss*, Jack London's *The Call of the Wild*, David Graham Phillips' *The Cost*, Agnes and Egerton Castle's *Rose of the World*, Mr. Lorimer's *Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* — these and many other novels, listed among the best selling books of the year, have appeared serially in our magazine.

Our readers have manifested an extraordinary amount of interest in *The Incomplete Amorist*, which has just come to an end. They will find *The Fighting Chance* even more to their liking. Both of these novels in book form will have a large sale. At the advertised price of $1.50 they would cost $3.00. Yet in a year's reading of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST you get not two, but four to six serials of the best sort; six dollars' worth and more of novels, not to mention the many short stories and special articles.

The moral is obvious: If you want the best fiction at the lowest price you will find it in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Fighting Chance

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Robert W. Chambers has written the best novel of his career. It is a story of the idle rich at play; a story of the hunting-field and the card-room; of horses and dogs, and men and women. Aristocrats every one of them — down to the dogs — with the breeding, the virtues, the failings of the "smart" set.

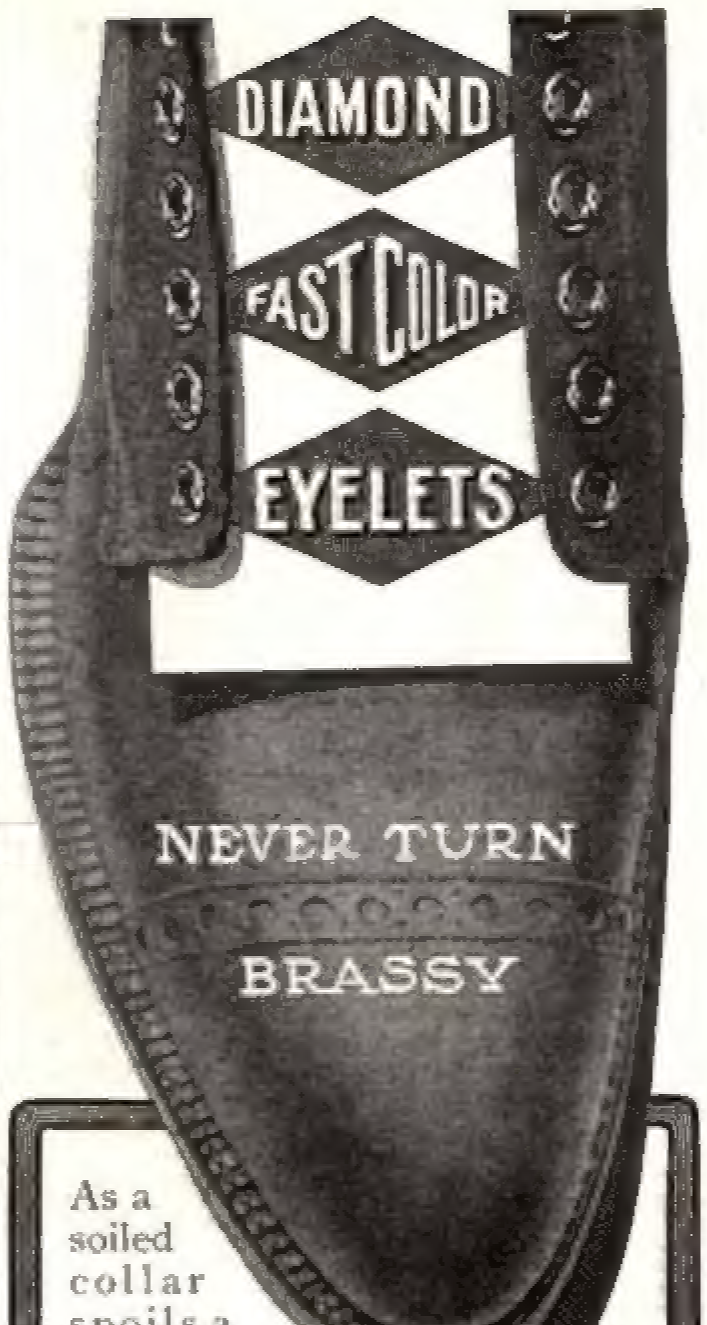
There's one girl in it who is the most fascinating, the most individual woman in modern fiction. To find her counterpart one must go back to Thackeray's Beatrix.

Then there's a man with all the charm and inherited breeding of birth — and with all its inherited vice and indulgence. His companions are the idle rich. Environment and heredity are at war with his decent impulses. There's just one chance for him — a fighting chance.

The Fighting Chance is crisp with the crackle of smart conversation, but it is more than that: it deals with elemental emotions, the worst and best of human nature.

And through *The Fighting Chance* there runs the finest love story that Mr. Chambers ever wrote — and few living authors can handle a love story with Robert Chambers' delicacy and sentiment.

The Fighting Chance will begin next week.



As a soiled collar spoils a man's appearance, no matter how immaculate the rest of his attire, so brassy eyelets mar the appearance of the finest shoe.

Diamond Fast Color Eyelets

cannot wear brassy, because the tops, whether in black or colors, are of solid color.

They do not grow old or change with wear, but retain their bright, new appearance throughout the wear of the shoes.

The only way to be sure that the eyelet in your shoe is going to remain new, even when the shoe is old, is to look for this little raised ◆ trade mark. It is found on the surface of every **Diamond Fast Color Eyelet** — but is so small that you must look closely to find it.

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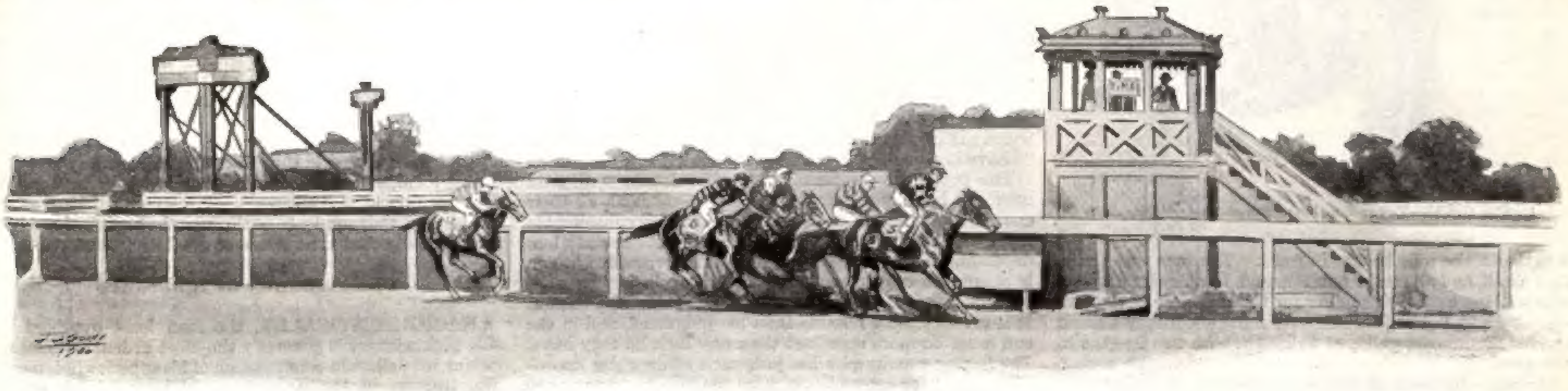
FOOLS' MONEY

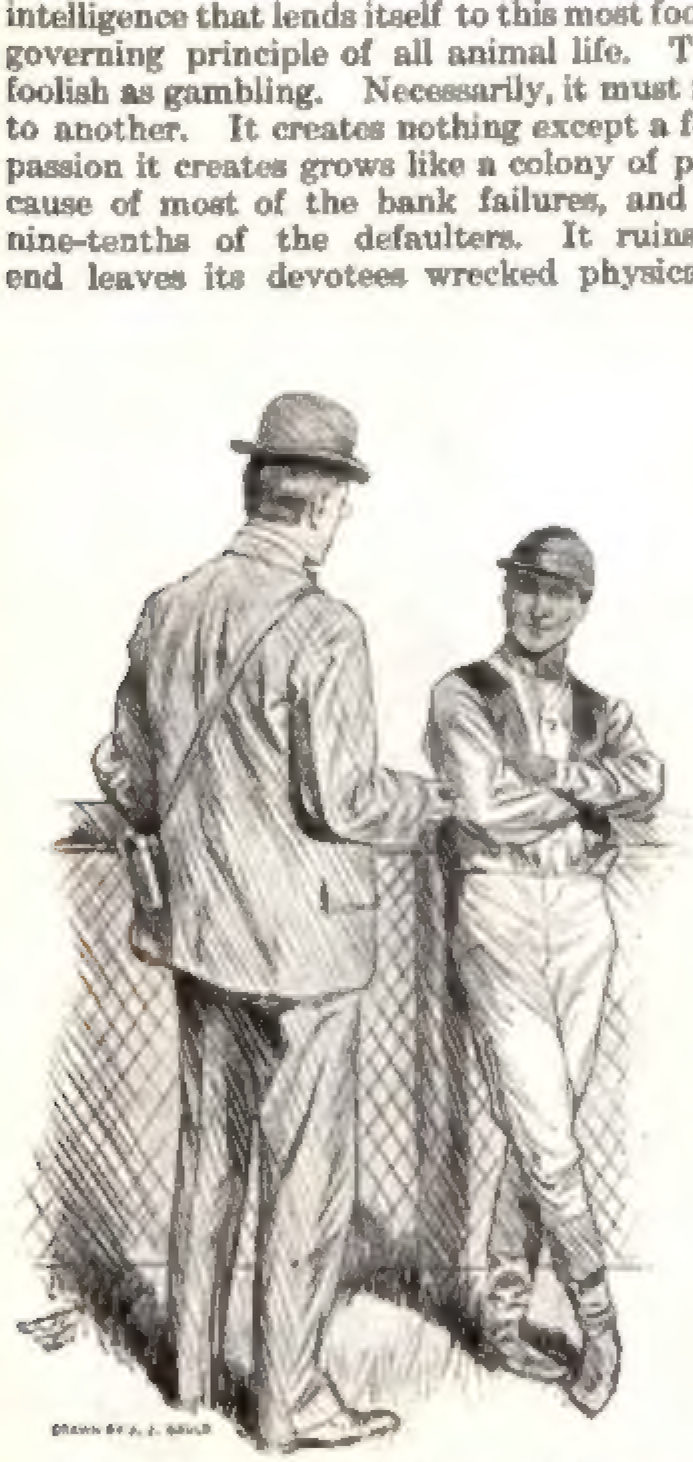


The Game in Which it Has its Minimum Value

BY W. A. FRASER

A DISSERTATION upon this subject must necessarily partake of the peripatetic nature of this most precarious endeavor. Betting laughs at all laws except the one law of chance; and the law of chance, reduced to formula, is as misleading as anything else founded on sophistry. Everybody knows the devastating sinfulness of betting when one loses; a sermon upon the misery that overtakes the home of the broken gambler would be like carrying coals to Newcastle. It is this very loss that makes gambling in actuality a sin; to reverse the old aphorism and say that what is one man's gain is another man's loss, expresses the thing in a nutshell. So, it being established by ever-present precedent that a gambling loss is a sin, the chief aim of these limited notes will lie in the direction of showing the inevitable trend of this uncreative endeavor, betting, toward the goal of emptiness.

All betting is gambling, though all gambling is not betting. Strangely enough, the most highly-developed animal, man, is the only animal that gambles. It is the higher intelligence that lends itself to this most foolish form of acquisition, and acquisition is the governing principle of all animal life. There is no other form of human endeavor so foolish as gambling. Necessarily, it must mean loss to some human where there is gain to another. It creates nothing except a fevered desire; it never satisfies, because the passion it creates grows like a colony of pestilential bacteria. Gambling is the direct cause of most of the bank failures, and is responsible for the downfall of at least nine-tenths of the defaulters. It ruins homes; it saps young lives; and at the end leaves its devotees wrecked physically, morally, and, most surely, financially.



Really Believes that He is About to do You a Service, and Imparts the "Sure Thing"

In this statement of matters connected with gambling it is my office to deal more particularly with betting on race-horses.

Lately I asked a large owner—a stiff plunger himself—what he thought of race-betting. He answered to the point:

"Betting is a luxury; a man is a fool to seek it as a means of income."

We were seated in a big hotel on Fifth Avenue, and he added:

"Betting is a luxury, just as living here is; I can go over to Broadway and get a meal for half the money, but I like to have it here because I can afford it."

I asked another man in that same hotel—one of the most prominent race-men in America, a man who is in the racing game to make money—if he still found betting on the horses a profitable game.

"I have quit betting," he said; "it is too difficult now to pick winners. I made money out of racing in the old days; there would be only five or six horses in a race, I would have the best horse entered, and could back him heavily. Now you will have from ten to twenty horses coming together from all parts of the country; they have never met before, and the wisest man that ever handled a thoroughbred can't tell which is the best, to say nothing of accidents, bad starts, poor jockeys, lack of condition. Ah!"—my friend threw up his hands dramatically—"who can pick them? I used to think I knew something about it, but now a man who bets except for the fun of it is a fool."

In my own experience I have observed this utter absence of ability to forecast the result of a race on the part of owners, trainers and jockeys—men on the inside who should know. A few specific instances might illustrate this. Perhaps if I could give names it might strengthen the evidence, but, obviously, this would be ungracious.

One bright summer day I was standing on the club lawn of a race-course beside an owner as his horse went to the post for a race. I said to him: "I like the look of your horse; I think I'll go down and have a bet on him."

"I have laid ten to one against him, myself," he answered, with a pitying smile for my unwise judgment.

So I remained where I was, and saw the horse in question win by six lengths. And as he returned to the judge's box the gentleman who had backed the horse with the owner came with a radiant face for his money.

Once in the paddock at Morris Park I was talking with one of the leading trainers when a well-made chestnut two-year-old passed. I remarked to the trainer:

"I like the make of that colt—he looks good enough to win this race" (it was the National Stallion Race). "Do you know anything about him?"

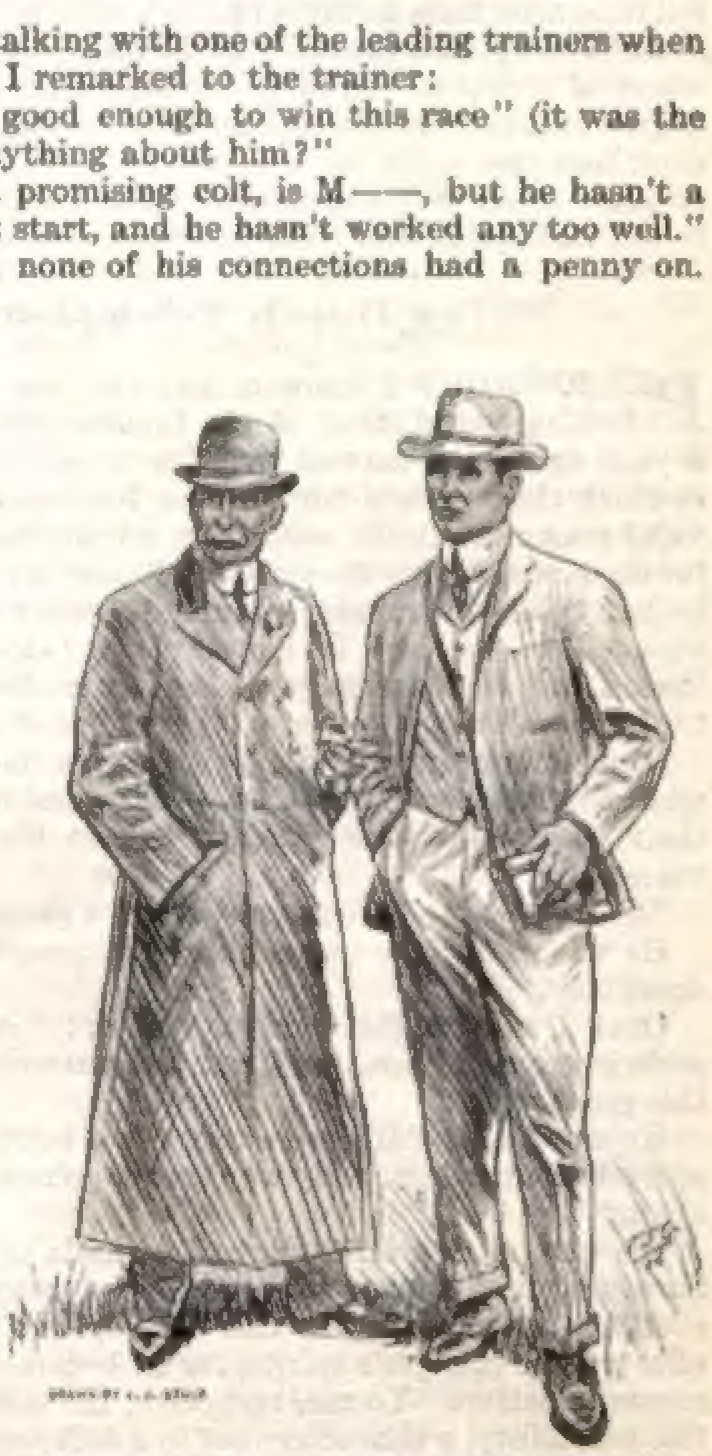
"I ought to—he's in my stable. He's a promising colt, is M——, but he hasn't a chance in this stake company. It's his first start, and he hasn't worked any too well."

The colt won handily by two lengths, and none of his connections had a penny on.

I remember a curious incident that happened to Lord William Beresford, at Lucknow, that illustrates how the little God of Chance is more omnipotent than the combined knowledge of wise racing men.

In Lord William's stable were three Arabs—Euclid, Silver Tail, and Lannercost. Each of these had separate owners, and the three were starting in one race. On Calcutta form, in fact on all form, the race seemed to be between Lord William's Euclid and the Maharajah of Jhodepore's Arab, Young Revenge. In the betting Euclid and Young Revenge were at a short price, while Lannercost was twenty to one. The Government House party, the military and the civil service people of Lucknow, led by Lord William, poured their rupees into the laps of the bookmakers on Euclid until the Knights of the Pencil were forced to put up the shutters.

The jockeys on Silver Tail and Lannercost received instructions to make the running as fast and as far as they could, to the end that Young Revenge might be killed off, and Euclid, complacently galloping along in the wake of his stable companions, was to come away and win at the finish. But he didn't! That was a sum in geometry that didn't work out. Lannercost, under the inspiration of his jockey, took up the running with avidity. Two lengths, four lengths—a dozen



"I Have Laid Ten to One Against Him, Myself," He Answered, with a Pitying Smile

He Can Get You Ten to One in the Stand-Ring —"Outside"

lengths at the mile he was in front. The race was a mile and a half, and all up the home-stretch Lannercost's jockey was looking over his shoulder for the redeemer of the official shekels; but the shekels were most effectually burned up, for Lannercost galloped under the wire two lengths to the good.

Another incident of racing in the land of Mahatmas: The Rajah of Jhodepore owned an Australian horse named Gold Ring that was quite unbeatable at steeplechasing. Somehow by the aid of that most treacherous piece of mechanism, a stop watch, and sundry corroborative evidence of stable companions, Gold Ring developed into a sure thing for the "Viceroy's Cup," the great race of India, which is a mile and a quarter on the flat.

All Hinduism was down to its last anna on Gold Ring to win the big race. I am afraid that even the sahibs of Calcutta, infected by the extraordinary confidence of the trainer, *postobited* their salary prospects in a desire to get the price of a trip home to England. When the "Viceroy's Cup" was run it was discovered that the most extraordinary mistake in all racing had been made, for Gold Ring simply couldn't live with the other horses, and was beaten off.

The turf career of the Marquis of Hastings is a matter of history. He was little more than a boy when he made his first great successful plunges; then the tiny cube of fate fell time after time a *deuce* or a *trois*, and the vast estate was swallowed up, and the Marquis died an exile, broken on the wheel of fortune. In fact, his fate is the fate in varied degree of nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand that cast aside the true order of existence, which is a struggle of earnest endeavor, for the alluring temptation to get rich quick and without effort.

The Hunch Triumphant

PERSONALLY I know of but one real success in the betting world, that of the famous plunger who died a year ago. His success was due to some extraordinary instinct that caused him to bet fearlessly and without valid reason at times, and again refrain from speculation for days and days. In spite of all stories to the contrary, he had really no regular system; he rarely listened to advice. True, he had in his employ a close observer of horses, but often he wagered heavily in direct opposition to this man's advice, even to the advice of his trainer.

I remember once standing with him in the race-paddock when his trainer advised him to bet on one of the horses in their stable; but the plunger said, in his dry, decisive voice:

"This horse is a bad one and hasn't a ghost of a chance."

He was right; the thoroughbred in question was beaten decisively.

Once I said to this turf speculator: "It would be an addition to turf literature if you were to write a book upon this great game."

He answered: "If I were to write a book about racing, and tell the truth, nobody would ever go near a race-course again."

We were sitting on the broad veranda of a big hotel in Saratoga, and it was a mild, heavy, sensuous summer evening; perhaps it was this atmospheric sedative that affected the plunger's spirits, for he became retrospective, communicative. To me, receptive, his talk discovered a fine sensibility, a character that in a different environment would have been of the highest order. Some reference to his success brought forth the remark that he was troubled over it, because no doubt it had ruined thousands. "Even the boys I used to work with seek to emulate my example," he said, "and they go broke. I know it, because I've had to stake many of them time and again. It's their own fault, but how can I refuse?"

His remarkable success led to suspicion, and suspicion developed into a condemnatory ruling. Of the facts of the case I know as little as perhaps some of his judges, but one thing is certain, that his great winnings could not have been due to crooked methods, for no man can succeed in actual racing by pitting an ability for crooked work against the combined wisdom and watchfulness of the Jockey Club and racing men generally. In fact, there is no known method, crooked or straight, that will prevail against the great percentage of chance. Others have observed as closely as he did, they have been as good judges, as fearless in betting, and they have failed—hundreds of them. His solitary example was one of those peculiar variations of the rule that establishes it; an inexplicable something guided him, for which there is no explanation. He could not loan his talisman to another, he could not impart his method; those who sought to follow fell by the wayside; and he would have at once advised any one against betting.

Indeed, every big owner of race-horses, every pool-room keeper, every bookmaker, if he feel his responsibility to a friend sufficiently to give truthful advice, will say, if asked: "Leave it alone—you can't beat them."

The pool-room keepers and the bookmakers depend upon the large percentage in their favor. With all their enormous expenses, these gentlemen make considerable money. Theirs is more or less of a commercial transaction, depending for its profits upon this same percentage, which is about the only reasonably sure thing in racing, and, consequently, this percentage must be against the backer. It is greater, more reliable than his judgment, and in the end must be more steadfast than any luck he may have. The backer usually pits his judgment against the knowledge of, say for convenience' sake, ten others. This is too precarious an arrangement for a man of commerce like the bookmaker. He takes refuge in his percentage, and, so long as he sticks to that, generally makes money.

But even the bookmaker or the pool-room keeper has the gambling taint in his blood, and sometimes plays both ends against the middle; he lays against the horses in his book, and backs them on the side like any other full-fleeced lamb looking for a shearing. And, like the eager get-rich-quick victim that comes down out of the stand, the backing bookmaker generally gets shorn.

Four Years' Betting—$250,000 Loss

LATELY I met in the rotunda of the Hoffman House one of the shrewdest race-track followers of the day. I asked him how he had been going on since I had seen him last.

He replied: "I've quit; I've lost $250,000 in four years—I can't beat them."

This man had at his command the best knowledge obtainable on the race-course, and yet that percentage of chance was too strong for him. That he had "quit" was just something said; it didn't mean anything, for, inevitably, next summer he will again essay the impossible.

That is the terrible quality of this ineradicable virus. Once in the blood it is there to stay. Even losses are but a spur, pricking the loser to get even; and should the "even" come, an elated feeling that the tide has turned will inspire the victim with a desire to conquer chance.

Professional gamesters know with complacency that a betting man will hammer his ill luck, plunge more recklessly as he loses, and will retrench and draw back as he wins, fearing to lose what he has already gained. The bookmaker and the faro-bank dealer know this weakness of human nature; they count it an asset, an indeterminate part of their ultimate percentage.

An amusing incident—or a profitable incident as it turned out to be—in the matter of a bookmaker turning backer came under my observation at Morris Park two years ago.

This bookmaker gave his runner a large sum of money, telling him to back a certain horse in the other books. The layer-of-odds had got most exclusive information about this very "good thing," and in his anxiety to retain the secret he gave his order in a low, though hurried voice. The horse was at a short price, but the runner, by some chance, darted away with the name of some other horse in his mind.

He was delighted to find that the other Knights of the Pencil laid him twenty to one about the good thing, and laid it with extreme satisfaction. He got the money all on without difficulty. But when he returned to his principal and told of his success, to his astonishment and chagrin he was rated most emphatically as the silliest creature that ever wore long ears, for he had backed the wrong horse—a horse that hadn't a chance on earth. The race was about to start, but the runner was driven forth to see if he could get the bets off. He was only laughed at; the men who had taken his money on the "wrong 'un" "stood pat."

Then the race was run, the horse he had picked up out of the dark won, and his employer carried the money home in a cab.

Once more wisdom had succumbed to that erratic monkey-on-a-stick, Chance.

One would think that the possession of this per cent. advantage, with the continual transference of thousands through its possessor's hands, would be satisfying to the most ardent officer of the chance god, but, strangely enough, it is not. At Saratoga any one may see any night these same men of percentage, the bookmakers, up against the faro bank essaying the impossible—pitting their luck against the very advantage that is their own stock-in-trade.

I recall speaking to a successful owner in New York, and saying to him: "I remember the droll way in which you used to drift into the room at the club in Saratoga, nonchalantly drop a fifty-dollar bill upon the red or the black, and, if it won, saunter casually away."

"Yes," the man answered, with a retrospective look in his eye, "that gentle caper cost me a matter of eighty thousand dollars one night. I had a couple of hours to wait for a train about midnight; I had no intention of playing, but I did, and quit eighty-thousand-loser. That was enough for me—too much; I am quite satisfied that I can't beat it."

This true happening that came to a man of iron nerve, a man long schooled in the ethics of betting, illustrates the futility of demarcated lines in betting governing the advance or retreat of a human being. There comes always, soon or late, the impulse to go through the barrier of resolve, and generally that time is one of desolating misfortune.

The Ardency of Ignorance

ANACHRONISTICALLY, the man least qualified to pick winners is generally the most ardent in betting, risking his dollars in confirmation of his superior judgment. The trainers in big stables should have knowledge of possible winners if such prescience is not altogether visionary; but, as a matter of fact, these men rarely, if ever, bet—they realize that it is too difficult a proposition.

Probably the most competent judge of the possibilities of race-horses in America is Vosburgh, the handicapper. He never bets. He is a strictly honorable man, and it may be argued that his official position would restrain him from this indulgence, but, independent of this consideration, he knows that it is a hopeless pursuit. Ask him and he will tell you so.

That seems rather a strong argument: Vosburgh, the official handicapper, the closest observer of race-horses in America, and gifted with rare intuition, could not make a success of backing horses, and yet an office clerk, or a waiter in a hotel, seeing the horses perhaps one day in the year, will filter his wages in day after day in a futile endeavor to accomplish that which is impossible to the best-posted racing man in America.

There is great, real enjoyment to be had from owning and racing thoroughbreds; and no doubt the most satisfying form of this exhilarating pleasure comes to the owner who races for sheer love of the sport and the horse, and does not bet. I have known several such, and they fairly reveled in the enthralling interest of this kingly sport. They knew no aftermath of the self-revilement of judgment that comes so often to the unwise plunger. A good horse beaten who would win some other day—that was a panaceatic thought to offset temporary disappointment.

Rated Most Emphatically as the Silliest Creature that Ever Wore Long Ears

One could go on indefinitely relating out of a varied experience incidents illustrating the absurdity of playing "first past the post." An interesting volume could be filled with crisp stories of this order. I remember one striking example of a man who was Fate's plaything. He had every attribute necessary for a successful turf plunger; chief of these qualities, I fancy, was a silent tongue. I knew him for a year as Mr. D——; lived in the same hotel with him in London; talked with him often, and all this time not aware that he was Mr. K——, one of the most successful racing men on the English turf. He had been a solicitor in the city, but some successes on the turf caused him to withdraw from his profession, and devote his time entirely to racing, adopting the name of K——. After I became acquainted with him as the turf-man, twice I saw him win $50,000 on a single race.

He was a picturesque figure in the club enclosure. Tall, studious of face, quiet of manner and dress, he would go down the line of bookmakers, as they stood against the fence that separated Tattersall's ring from the club lawn, betting-book in hand. There would be a quiet word passed, a nod of the head, and the pencil would record the wager. And if the horse he had backed won, Monday at the Victoria Club would witness a heavy settling in Mr. K——'s favor.

One morning I spoke to Mr. K—— as he was about to leave the hotel on his way to the Newmarket races. We talked of the Cesarowitch, the great long-distance handicap, and quite casually I remarked: "I suppose your mare P—— has no chance?"

He answered, in his quiet, even voice: "On the contrary, I expect her to win; she's a hundred to one in the betting, and you had better have five pounds on. If she wins, I shall land an enormous stake."

K——'s mare ran second in a field of about thirty, and was beaten by a dark horse that a sapient trainer had kept more or less bottled up for two years.

That was a matter of a dozen years since. Three years ago at Kempton Park I asked a racing man if Mr. K—— was still on the turf.

"Oh, yes," he answered; "you'll find him outside in the field, having his two bob on."

I expressed my astonishment, almost incredulity, but the information was quite accurate. Mr. K—— had been most emphatically broken.

I met him within a week on Regent Street, still with his gentlemanly manner and very little else, except the still dominant passion, for he had the strongest possible kind of a tip on "Chacornac" for a race that day, and deprecatingly requested the loan of five pounds until the horse had won.

But luck was still dead against him, for "Chacornac" ran second.

The Pool-Room Evil

FEW persons are aware of the wide expansion of race-betting. Nearly every hotel has its "handbook" man, either within the hotel or within easy reach. The handbook man is one who takes bets from a guest of the hotel if he knows him, or through the medium of a waiter or other employee. He may be connected with the pool-room or making a book on his own account; and the odds he lays are governed by the newspaper returns of the track betting, called starting price. His profits are large because his expenses are but personal; but as his clientèle is limited, perhaps not more than one or two horses are backed with him for a race; so, in professional phraseology, he can't "get around on his book." "Getting around on the book" means, practically, that no matter which horse wins the bookmaker wins on his percentage, the bets on the losers more than covering the pay-out on the winner. It's really a great game—for the bookmaker.

A tout is the self-appointed drummer-up of business for the bookmaker. Ostensibly he is the friend of the bettor; in reality, he is a valuable agent for the layer-of-odds, for a tout's real business is to find a backer for every horse in the race, sharing the profits of the man who has chanced upon the winner. And this is really what the bookmaker would like in his game. If every horse in the race were backed with him he could get well around on his book, and have a substantial profit. The bigger touts, "handicappers" they call themselves, who advertise so largely in the sporting papers, do not pursue this form of advisement. They really use the best knowledge to hand for the selecting of one horse in each race. But they take no chances upon the result of their judgment; they exact a fee. A betting man might as well, better even, take the selections that come gratis from the turf writers employed by the papers. But there is a whole army of men who think the advice they pay for so dearly is more valuable, as is evidenced by the fact that these tipsters are able to pay for costly advertising space. No better evidence of the worthlessness of the tipster's knowledge is necessary than the fact that he follows this occupation. If he could really pick winners he would soon become a millionaire by keeping that knowledge to himself and backing it with the books. He could start with ten dollars and at the end of a racing season retire with an income sufficient to keep him in luxury for the rest of his life. But he knows the ultimate worthlessness of his goods, and he sells them to dupes who do not know. One big firm of tipsters, now no more, so long as they followed their strict line of business derived an enormous income, but, infected by the fever their calling bred, they took to following their own advice, and were soon put out of business.

Thanks to the close espionage of the Pinkerton men, the tout has but a precarious chance upon the Metropolitan tracks. Caught in the act, as he is almost certain to be so caught, his badge is taken up, and he is most unceremoniously landed on the outside of the gate.

In this respect America is far in advance of England. Good old conservative England races pretty much as it did a hundred years ago. The tout is rampant at the present day. You will find him in your compartment of the train as you journey to the course; he will be in the carriage or 'bus that transports you from the train to

(Continued on Page 28)

THE GODDESS GIRL

Georgie Drives Hearts in Tandem

BY DOROTHEA DEAKIN

FROM the terrace, through the French window, came Georgie, sunburnt and in flannels, to fling himself into an easy chair facing me; facing also the window.

"Being engaged to Anne," he said abruptly, "is the very deuce!"

I put down my book—at heart full of sympathy—outwardly full of reproof. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" I said sternly.

"That's all very well," he moodily replied. "Perhaps I am; but it's driving me to my grave all the same, and if something doesn't happen pretty soon it'll be a precious early one." I smiled. Georgie, in the bloom of healthy youth, gave no promise of premature decline.

"Be a man," said I encouragingly. "Look the thing in the face. After all, you know, Georgie, you asked the girl to marry you. You can't, in decency, back out now."

"You're a hard-hearted brute." Georgie kicked viciously at the leg of the writing-table. "And it's all very well for *you*, engaged to a little peach of a girl that you've deliberately stolen from me; it's all very well for *you* to talk about being a man and sticking to it. It is because I am a man that I can't. Think of Anne, and just imagine yourself in my place."

"Heaven forbid!" I cried hastily. "Anne was never *my* idea of love's young dream. But you——"

"Oh, yes." Georgie flung his cap at a bronze bust in the corner of the library. "Rub it in! Do! Tell me it was all my own fault! You might have the sense to know that things are a jolly sight harder to bear when you've brought them on yourself."

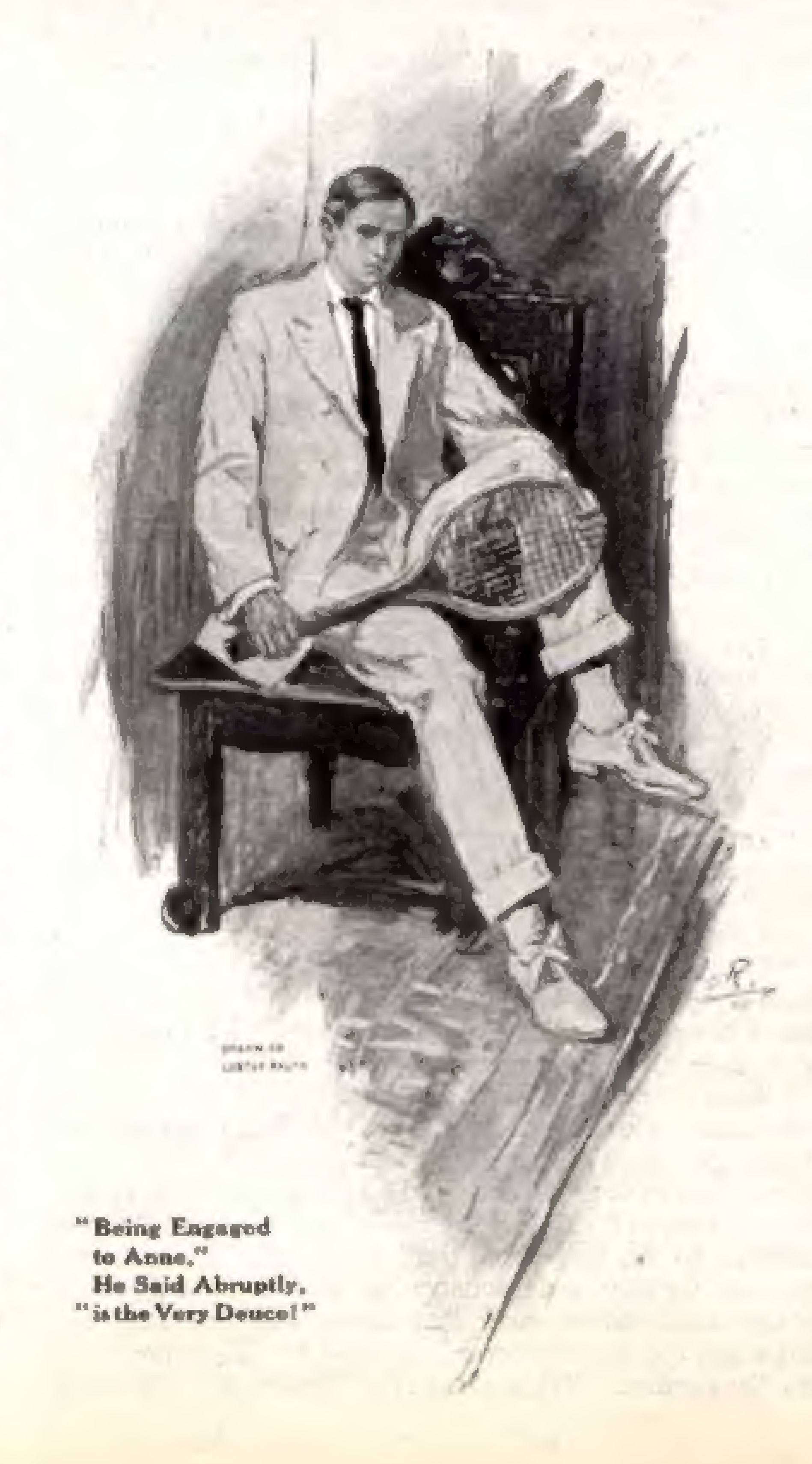
"I do know," said I gently. And, indeed, I had never for a moment imagined that this engagement had been the unassisted doing of our light-hearted, ingenuous Georgie.

I knew Anne too well. I knew the value she set on Georgie's pretty property, and a certain speculative light, dominating her steady brown eyes, had illumined the dark pages of her mind for me to some purpose. I was, however, to marry her sister. And I was too fond of Georgie to wish him to do anything dishonorable. So far as I could see at present, there was no decent way of putting an end to the absurd engagement.

"Every one tells me," Georgie said sadly, "that Anne is a born manager. By the expression in her eye, I sometimes think she is going to manage me."

I laughed. I rather thought she was.

"Before we were engaged," he went on, "she was as sweet as sugar. She listened to me for hours at a time, and never seemed bored—as you do."



"Being Engaged to Anne," He Said Abruptly, "is the Very Deuce!"

"Thanks," said I shortly. "I don't expect gratitude from you, but a little common——"

"Now it's Anne who does the talking—teaching me how to behave. She never found fault with my behavior in the old days. Now, it seems, I am full of faults. She doesn't like my manners."

"Your what, Georgie?" He flushed.

"Don't try to be funny. What's the matter with my manners, anyhow? She doesn't like slang. Imagine me without slang!"

"I can't," said I.

"When I think," he finished gloomily, "that for the rest of my life I shall have to sit at breakfast opposite a woman who is trying to reform me, I—oh, put yourself in my place! It's unspeakable. I'd rather hang myself, and cut the whole sickening show." I laughed kindly.

"Poor old chap," said I, "why do you drift into these things so painfully early, Georgie? You ought not to have thought of marriage for another five years. Cricket and football and hunting and all the rest of it ought to have been enough for any boy of your age. The thing's absurd. Oh Georgie, Georgie, when the girls came out to play, why weren't you wise like your namesake? Why didn't you run away?"

"I wish to Heaven I had," he cried with heartfelt fervor. And I wished he had, too.

I rose and walked up and down the library trying vainly, for the hundredth time, to think of any possible way out of the muddle for the foolish boy. Many were the scrapes I had helped him out of; but this last one, entered into so lightly, bade fair to grow into a tragedy in the future, if it were allowed to continue.

Georgie's handsome face was clouded; Georgie's blue eyes held a shadow which had no business there; Georgie's pretty mouth drooped pathetically at the corners; and Georgie was only twenty-one.

"Martin," he said earnestly, "you know—it's not the sort of thing a fellow cares to talk about, but she—she tries to improve my mind. It's awful! Gives me books and things to read! When we were in town she made me take her to the National Gallery to see pictures. Pictures! Me! Just think of it. I don't mind looking at a picture with a story in it if there aren't too many of them, but when it comes to a lot of frowzy old Italian and Dutch saints, with wooden babies and cardboard halos! Oh, my hat!"

I laughed. "Georgie," said I, "your education has been neglected. A course of Anne——"

He interrupted me with an unexpected laugh.

"I put her off pictures. I told her I didn't think a parson's daughter ought to spend her time worshiping saints. I said it wasn't consistent—graven images, and all that kind of thing, don't you know? I said if she went on I shouldn't with a clear conscience be able to take her to church any more. So either way I shall get out of one duty."

"What did Anne say to that?" I asked, much amused.

"She didn't say much, but she sighed over me and said 'Barbarous Georgie,' or something insulting of that sort. And I can tell you, old chap, it makes a fellow feel pretty small beer when his girl sighs over him as if he were a kind of black sheep, and an awful example to the parish."

"I should think it did," said I slowly. "What's the matter now?"

For Georgie's eyes, fixed on the terrace outside the window, had radiantly lit up. All the shadows had vanished quite suddenly.

"There," said he softly. "That's the kind of thing to make a fellow tired of being engaged to Anne."

Up the terrace steps, with a flaming sunset behind her, straight and tall, white-gowned and chestnut-haired, a smile of divine self-satisfaction on her lovely mouth, a light of victory in her sapphire eyes, came a Goddess Girl, mallet in hand. Georgie gasped. Under the library window she stopped—some flaunting rose in the perennial border caught her eye, perhaps. She stooped to smell it, and a clear, high, drawling voice carried well through the window and buffeted my sensitive ear.

"My!" said the Goddess Girl. "It's a beautiful rose! Come out, Georgie, and pick it for me."

I glanced in dismay at Georgie, who was for the moment crimson with conflicting emotions. "Colonial?" I murmured.

"Yes—no—Virginian. It's the most ripping little accent in the world." He rose quickly and went over to the window, already half open.

"Wait," I whispered imperatively. "Is this—Georgie, do you mean to tell me that *this* is the disgraceful meaning of your gloom?"

"I'm going out," said Georgie hastily.

"Georgie—for Heaven's sake, be careful. Man, don't lose your head. Remember Anne. You——"

"Oh, chuck it!" Georgie cried ungratefully, and before I could speak again he was on the terrace gathering roses for the Goddess Girl.

The next day I went to town to see Drusilla, who was staying with an aunt. In a month we were to be married, and this aunt, luckily affluent, and bewitched by the little bride-elect, was playing fairy godmother to some purpose, for never a Cinderella was poorer than Drusilla, the parson's youngest daughter. Anne, the eldest, had money, it seemed, to spend upon her trousseau, but Anne was careful. She was, as Georgie had said, a good manager, and by foresight and thrift, somehow, she had saved.

That afternoon I dragged Drusilla away from her dressmakers and took her up the river from Twickenham. She sat on the scarlet cushions and beamed at me. Round and dimpled and merry—no Goddess Girl could compare with her in my eyes. But this is not Drusilla's story. And Georgie was on my mind still.

"Sometimes," she said presently, "when you forget me, and where you are, you look worried. What is it, Martin?"

"I was thinking of Georgie," said I slowly.

She blushed.

"Oh, Martin—not——"

"No," I replied firmly. "I am not jealous of him, or of any one else. Don't you think it. But Georgie's engagement is on my mind."

Her happy face clouded.

"Why? Is it—is it because you aren't fond of Anne?"

It seemed to me that this was a mild way of putting it, but nevertheless I gazed at her with deep reproach.

"Anne is your sister," said I, "and it is impossible for me to speak as freely as I could wish; but the fact remains that Georgie is unhappy."

She looked distressed.

"Oh—I am so sorry, Martin! Is it because of——"

"Of you?" said I, again with firmness. "No, he is not fretting for you—why, I do not know, but he isn't. Quite the contrary. Yet he is not in love with Anne. He never was in love with Anne. He never will be in——"

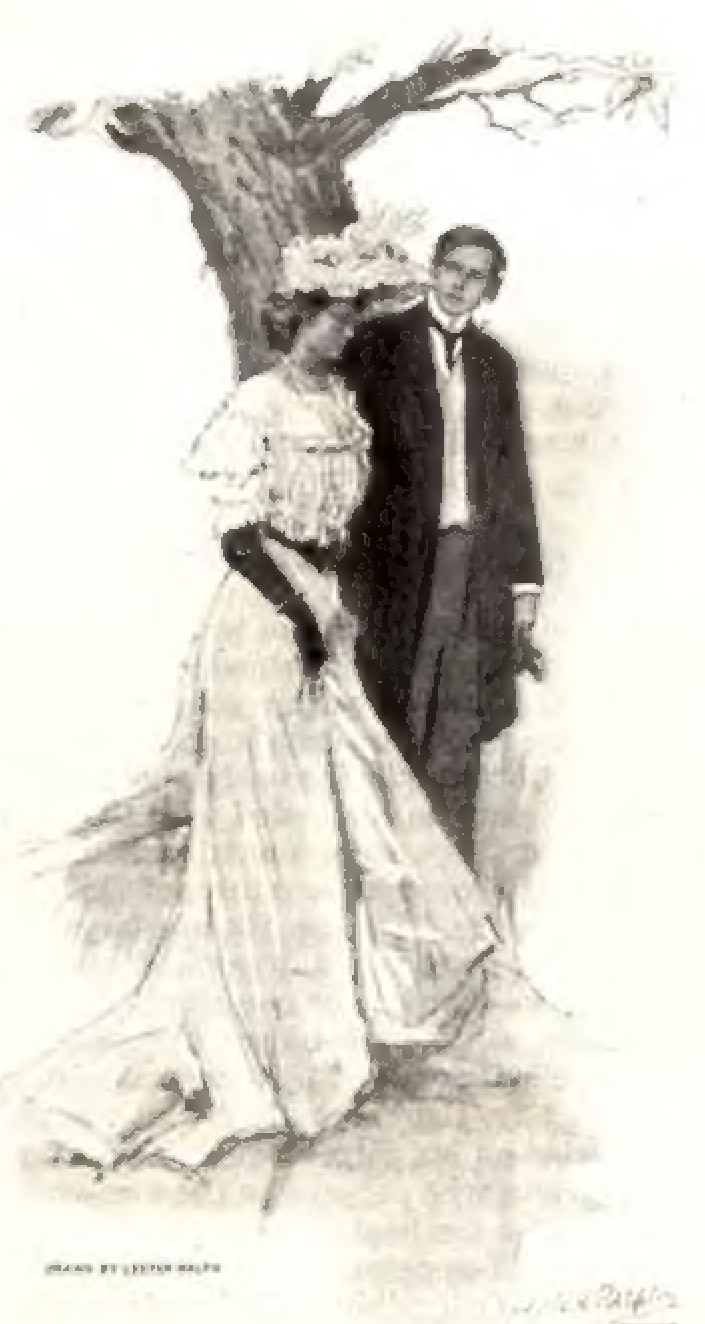
"Oh!" she interrupted me indignantly. "Then he shouldn't have asked her, he—oh, what a perfectly disgraceful boy he is!"

"He *is* a little rash," I said with a sigh; "but, dearest, even if she is your sister, we both know Anne. Of course, I won't say a word against her," I hastily added, "but honestly, Drusilla, *do* you think that Georgie had a chance of escaping when her mind was made up? Do you, in your inmost heart, consider that that absurd boy had a fair run for his money?"

Drusilla crimsoned and dropped her eyes. She was torn, I saw well enough, by conflicting emotions: a conscientious desire to defend her sister, and a heart-whole agreement with me.

"Anne is very clever," she said doubtfully.

"And Georgie isn't," cried I. "His worst enemy could not accuse him of diplomacy. He is, as you have often said, a dear boy; but an infant could lead him by the nose. We must put our heads together and do something for him."



The Goddess Girl was Blooming on the Lawn

She was silent.

"For him to break off the engagement," I went on, "is impossible. Only one thing remains. If Anne could be brought to see——"

"Anne," said Drusilla firmly, "never could."

"If Anne," I pursued, "were to find——"

"Anne"—Drusilla shook her head—"never will."

But an idea drifted into my head, and my hopes for Georgie were rising high. "Wait," said I; "let me speak." And then I unfolded my plan.

The next time I went to see Georgie I found Anne, dressed with her usual dark economy, waiting in the drawing-room for Georgie's mother.

"You have been up to see Drusilla?" she asked politely.

"Yes," I said slowly, watching her intently. "But my errand was a double one. I went to town principally to hunt for my best man. I found him."

"Who?" with obvious interest. "And why not Georgie?"

"Georgie won't. This is an old friend of mine," I said slowly. "A friend of childhood's hour. A man called Muggeridge, with a monocle. Stout and sandy, but a good chap at heart. Lucky beggar!"

I sighed.

"Why lucky?" Her interest was growing.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Oh, fortune's favorite, and that sort of thing, don't you know? Just had a legacy from an uncle running well into five figures. When you come to think of it, Anne, ninety thousand pounds will give an air of affluence even to our humble wedding."

"It will, indeed." Her voice was weighty with respect for him, and I felt that a little of it was even reflected on me, the prospective owner of such a groomsman, but at this moment we were interrupted by a sudden uproar coming from the hall. A banging and clattering and shrieking and bumping, followed instantly by shouts of happy laughter, broke upon our ears. I gazed at her in amazed inquiry.

"That," said she quietly, "is only Georgie. He is tobogganing down the stairs with a tea-tray—and Miss Gale."

"Miss Gale?"

"The American girl who is staying here. They seem to be enjoying themselves. They have piled all the fur rugs into a heap at the bottom of the stairs. You must have noticed them when you came through."

I hadn't, and I gazed at Anne for some seconds in silent reflection. Her brown eyes were calm and unperturbed. Didn't she mind Georgie's curious behavior, I wondered? Or was she so sure of him as to feel that this kind of thing did not matter? Before I could decide, Georgie's mother came in to us, large and handsome, and beaming with welcome for me; a demonstrative affection for Anne, her future daughter-in-law. But Anne did not stay long, and when she went away she slipped through the window into the garden. "It is a short cut," she said. Obviously, she wished to avoid the contents of the tea-tray in the hall. She had a genius for avoiding upsets, had Anne.

"Georgie is behaving in the most shocking manner," said his mother with affectionate pride. "I can't help feeling that I ought not to have invited that charming girl here at present; but what was I to do? She is only in England for the summer, and her mother was at school with me. She *had* to come."

Another shriek of happy laughter rang from the hall—another bump.

Georgie's mother smiled in spite of her fears. "They are like two children home for the holidays," she murmured. "But I can't help feeling a little anxious. There is Anne, you see," she sighed.

"Yes," I agreed. "There is Anne."

"Of course, Georgie is the dearest boy, and wouldn't think of hurting a fly—but he is very thoughtless. Anne, of course, can look after herself, but I don't like to think that he is trifling with this nice girl's young affections, when he is in honor bound—to Anne."

"No," said I gravely; "it is, as you say, hardly fair."

"But, Martin—between ourselves—I can't help feeling that this would have been a good deal more suitable in every way."

"Than Anne?" said I.

"Yes. These two have a thousand things in common. They play cricket together for hours. Georgie says she bowls straighter than nine men out of a dozen, and you know how Anne detests games. Then, of course, there is the river and the motor. The motor makes Anne nervous, when Georgie drives, and perhaps he is rather reckless. Dear boy, he ran over a pig the last time he took her out, and she has steadily refused to go with him since. He must have a companion, and I wouldn't trust myself in the dreadful thing for worlds. So what is the boy to do? They go off for long motor picnics all over the country, and come back with happiness shining all over them. They are a most delightful pair—even if he is my son. But what about Anne?"

In my mind I went over my last conversation with Drusilla, and smiled mysteriously.

"If I were you," said I slowly, "I wouldn't worry about Anne yet."

Georgie walked back to the village with me, and unburdened his soul in the hearty manner habitual to him on these occasions.

"There never was a more unlucky brute than me," he said with easy grammar. "How can I behave honorably, with a girl like that in the house driving me to distraction? She's divine! I try to keep away from her and then my mother sends us out together in the scarlet runner. She is the finest company in the world, and the times we have together are simply ripping. To think I might have had her with me always if I hadn't been in such a confounded hurry! Martin, why the blue blazes did you let me go and get engaged?"

"Upon my word!" I said, aghast. "Considering that it has been a kind of hobby with you ever since you left school——"

"Well, Heaven knows what the end of it will be," he interrupted dismally. "We were spinning down the Linnyshaw Hill yesterday at the sort of pace to put me in jail for six months if I'd been caught, and we were both gloriously happy. All at once something tempted me to let the thing go to smash at the bottom, and finish the whole business with a fine stage effect. There'd have been some satisfaction in chucking this beastly planet with my arm around her."

"Yes," said I calmly, "in little bits. And so nice for your mothers afterward. Don't be a confounded fool, Georgie! Face the thing like a man. You can't avoid the girl, but you can at least refrain from making love to her."

Georgie grunted. "It's not so jolly easy as you seem to think," said he.

I laughed. "You wait," said I cheerfully. "There's many a slip—you know."

"But not," said Georgie, shaking his head sadly, "when *Anne* holds the cup!" And, indeed, from my own private opinion of Drusilla's sister, I felt that he had good grounds for his despair.

Our own wedding day came very soon, and I was married in her father's church to a wonderful white Drusilla, radiant with a new and delicate loveliness. The old rectory, transformed for the occasion by the fairy godmother aunt and Georgie's delightful mother, held a reception on its weedy lawn in the afternoon, and by my side a pink-cheeked little wife received many congratulations. Then I remembered something I had to do before I took her away, and I wondered how I was to manage that parting interview with Anne, which was so necessary to my plans for Georgie's deliverance. Luck, however, favored me, for when Drusilla had gone upstairs I caught Anne, the bridesmaid, quickly following her, and drew her into the vicar's study for one minute.

"Anne," I said gravely, "I must have a few words with you before we go."

She stared at me in amazement, and I drew her to the window. The Goddess Girl was blooming on the lawn in her flounced dress, pink as horse-chestnut blossom, her head agleam, like the horse-chestnut itself, peeping from the green, prickly shell of a chiffon picture hat. Georgie was at her side, talking earnestly. A pretty pair.

"Look," said I softly, and Anne looked. Then she turned to me with wondering, speculative eyes.

"Now look over there," I said, "at Muggeridge."

My groomsman was eating ices under the old pear tree—a picture of stout and smiling complacency.

"Muggeridge," said I gayly, "has ninety thousand pounds. He is good-tempered and easygoing, and he wants a wife."

"Ah!" Anne caught my meaning, as I saw, but she did not blush. She never did.

"Yes," said I impressively, "he has an ideal. He is waiting to find a girl who will love him for himself alone; a lady who will never interrupt him when he speaks, a woman who will devote her life to his comforts. He requires more comforts than any man I ever met. Also, he objects to a woman having opinions of her own."

"I don't see," said Anne quietly, "how you expect all this to interest me!"

"Don't you? He is staying on in the village for ten days or so—I thought perhaps the vicar might sometimes take pity on his solitude and ask him to dine. He has twice as much money as Georgie, and would be infinitely easier to manage. Georgie is young and restive. In time, perhaps—who knows?—but he might kick over the traces—or—even—bolt!"

Anne was still gravely scrutinizing the pair on the lawn, but at my words, plain to brutality, she turned.

"Thank you," she said placidly, "and now, if you have quite finished, I will go up to my sister."

When Drusilla came downstairs in a delightful gown of soft blue, chosen, I suppose, to match her eyes, I forgot Georgie and took her away. For three weeks we thought little enough of Anne or the Goddess Girl. But we came home at last, and the first person I met in St. Margaret's was my groomsman. He greeted me with a studied coolness new in him, and made an obvious effort to pass me with dignified disdain, but he didn't quite manage it. He merely conveyed the impression that he was stouter than before and much more out of breath. He quite forgot his dignity to descend into conversation, and as I was leaving him he called me back.

"I want a word with you, Martin," he said. "Come round to my rooms at the Candlestick, will you? I want a word with you."

We were outside the post-office and I followed him down our tidy village street where the cottages stood in neat pairs and the slim poplars and ash trees grew to a set pattern, to the end of it where the Candlestick Inn waited with open doors for us, like a model church from a child's box of German bricks.

The inn was as new and comfortable as the church was old and dilapidated, and Muggeridge had a pleasant sitting-room sufficiently remote from the well-conducted taproom. He followed me in to shut the door with a slam.

"Why did you ask me down to your accursed wedding?" cried he, sitting down heavily in a remonstrating wicker chair.

"Upon my word!" I stared at him blankly. What could have happened to inflame him like this? He breathed fire and hatred at me; a stout and threatening volcano.

"Hang you and your wedding!" cried he.

"Muggeridge!"

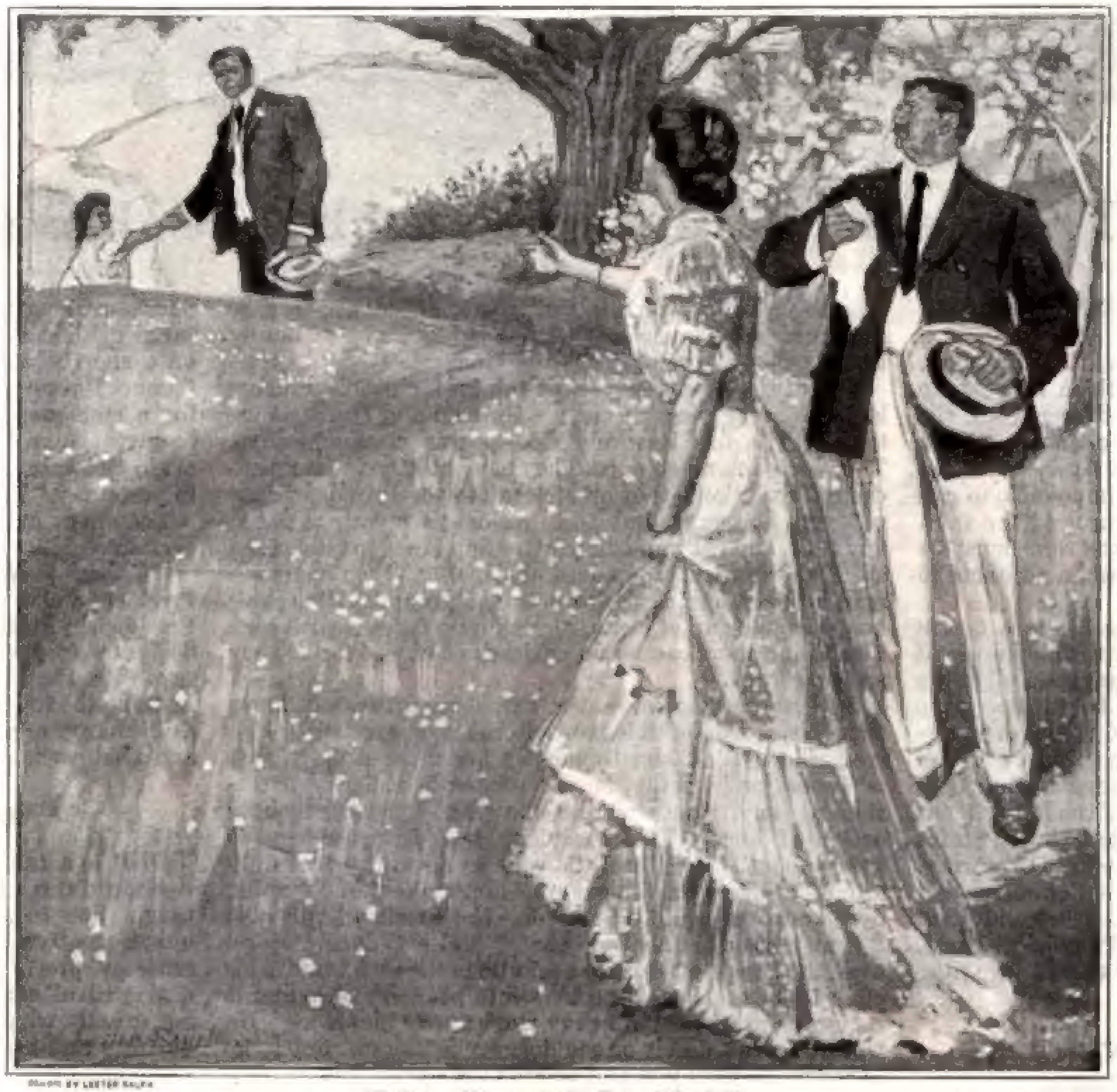
I moved with stately displeasure toward the door.

"Oh, don't go away!" His tone changed to entreaty. "You might show a little decent feeling, considering the share you've had in the thing!" he groaned.

"If you'll try to ex——"

"You remember what the insurance doctor said about my heart?"

"No," said I firmly. What was his heart to me? "I never heard that you'd even seen a doctor. I don't know anything whatever about your heart, and I can't say that I ever thought about it." I was justly offended by his most extraordinary conduct.



DRAWN BY LESTER RALPH

"I Hate a Woman to be False," Said He

At this Muggeridge gazed sentimentally at his beautiful brown boots.

"I'm not sure that I have one now," he said. And I wondered if he were mad.

I sat down and stared at him in despair.

"The doctor," said he impressively, "told me that no office in the world would insure me for five minutes. He said my heart was out of place, enlarged, fattily degenerated, and that it had only one valve. He said that a shock might kill me at any moment."

Startled and grieved, I expressed at once my deep sympathy and said I hoped it wasn't true. Told him I didn't believe much in specialists, anyhow.

"Neither did I," said poor Muggeridge dejectedly. "Guinea-pigs, I call 'em. Give you ten minutes with a finger on the bell and tell you to come again in three months. But there's no doubt about *my* heart. It's not a common sort of organ, I can tell you. I went to two or three other chaps and they only confirmed the verdict of the first one."

"How long ago was this?" I asked.

"Oh, three months ago or so! Just after I had got my money. I didn't tell you before, because I thought it might shed a gloom over the brilliancy of your honeymoon, don't you know? But it struck me, directly I *did* know, that I should want a good deal of looking after. Not the sort of loving care that's paid for at the rate of three guineas a week, but genuine, disinterested affection."

I was silent.

"A wife seemed the most likely thing," he went on, calmly disregarding my amazed and horrified stare. "A quiet, loving, dutiful, obedient, tactful little woman with a cool hand and a light step. A woman who doesn't slam doors and who always shuts 'em. A woman who listens without interrupting and finishing your sentences for you, and doesn't want to be taken to theatres and those cursed German band restaurants three times a week."

Still I was speechless. His selfishness appalled me.

"With my head full of this, the only comfort I can ever hope for now, you brought me down to this confounded hole, and left me alone and defenseless, almost on the rectory doorstep."

"Yes," I said faintly.

"Well!" Muggeridge rose heavily to shut the window. "You know what Anne is."

"I do, indeed," said I miserably.

"Gentle, and womanly, and thoughtful." He hurled the adjectives at my dejected head.

"She's all that and more," I murmured, for in my penitence I was just to her.

"Tactful, and quiet, and soft-footed."

"As a mouse," said I.

"A born manager."

"She is, indeed." With fervor I could confirm him in this impression.

"I never knew a cooler hand."

"Nor I," cried I with real feeling.

As heavily as he had risen, he sat down and groaned, in complete unison with the wicker chair.

"A girl in a thousand," finished he.

"In a million," agreed I with desperate honesty. "But, Sandy"—I returned to his old nickname in affectionate absence of mind—"are you mad or only criminal?"

He gazed blankly at me.

"With a heart like you say yours is!" said I. "Have you spoken to Anne?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell her the truth?" I had little hope that he had had sufficient good feeling for this.

"I did," said he with quiet dignity.

"Thank goodness!" I gasped with relief. "And what did Anne say?"

"She said it made no difference to her feelings."

"May I ask what her feelings were?"

Muggeridge went on. "It was an awful shock to me, and I have to avoid shocks. You did the worst day's work of your life when you threw me across her pathway. It's a queer thing, Martin, but ever since she refused me she has seemed every hour to grow more desirable and indispensable to my comfort——"

"I can quite believe that," said I earnestly. "But I wonder why she refused you, if your heart made no difference." For I still felt that Anne's only eye was for the main chance.

Muggeridge, once more volcanic, glared and sputtered at me.

"Curse it!" said he. "You know, and everybody knew, but me. She refused me because she's an honorable young woman, and she's engaged to that infernal, conceited, long-legged, young puppy they call Georgie!"

I could offer no real comfort to his lacerated feelings, and, with my mind in a whirl, I left him to go and tell Drusilla all about it. I found her rearranging the papers on my study table—a thing I had not yet dared to tell her not to do.

"Darling," said I carefully, "don't black your pretty hands with those dusty, inky things. I always arrange my own papers."

"Do you?" said she. "But not now you've got a nice little secretary. And Georgie's been in while you were out. He is so sad, poor boy! He's just gone down the village for some new blotting-paper for me, and he'll be back in ten minutes. He hoped you'd be home then, because he wants to talk to you privately. I asked him to tell his troubles to me, but he said it was impossible. I suppose your idea about Anne and—I suppose it has come to nothing, after all. Ah, here is Georgie!"

"Hallo!" he said. "I can only get a sixpenny blotter with the King and Queen on the back. Good enough to write novels with, I dare say. Martin, can I——"

"I'm going to see if there's anything for supper." Drusilla vanished.

Georgie sat down and planted his elbows on some loose pages of The Hidden Princess.

"It's Anne," said he. "I couldn't tell Drusilla. The thought of it is wearing me to fiddlestrings. It's Anne."

"Poor old boy!" said I with real sympathy.

"It's that chap Muggeridge," pursued he. "Follows her about like a shadow. Hasn't the decency to see that it isn't the thing to run after an engaged girl. Anne's very loyal, but I can't help seeing that she might be happier with a humdrum chap like that, even if he is a bit of an old woman."

"What!" cried I.

"Yes," Georgie murmured. "It's not a pleasant thing for a man to see his girl drifting away from him, little by little; and to see all his plans for the future melting away like the morning dew. Is it?"

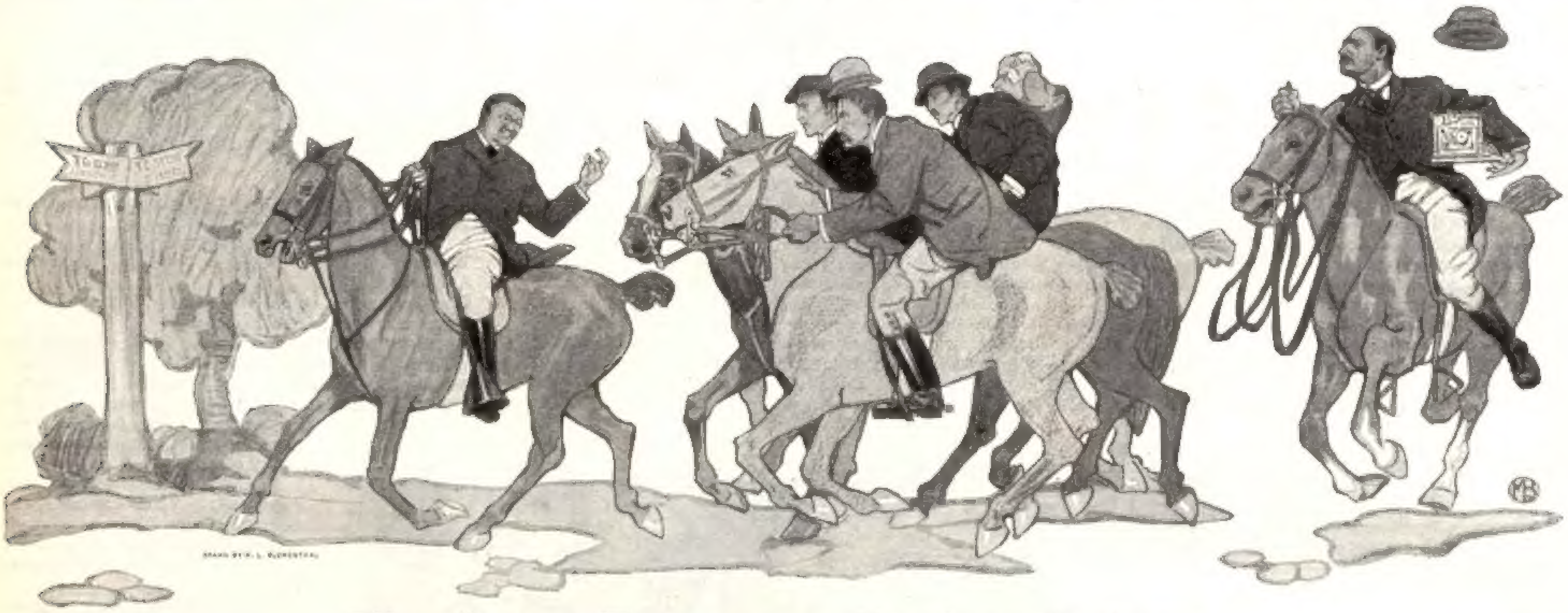
I regarded him sternly, but as he went on I saw that, as usual, he spoke in perfect simplicity and good faith. Georgie never dissembled.

"Before I went away," said I slowly, "you told me that being engaged to Anne was the very deuce. You said the worry of your engagement was driving you to an early grave. You said——"

(Continued on Page 31)

THE TENNIS BOARD

The Latest Thing in a Kitchen Cabinet



"—and on this court, my friends, almost daily, you may see our beloved Chief Executive playing tennis and occasionally reaching for a high ball."—From the discourses of The Man with the Megaphone.

NEARLY every President has had a kitchen cabinet, and some Presidents have had them ranging up through the butler's pantry, the dining-room, the library, to the bedchamber itself. Things changed with the Roosevelt dispensation. If one wanted to speak of his privy council as a "cabinet" it would be impossible to call it a "kitchen cabinet." It is too high-browed for that. Salon cabinet would be about right, if the term must be used, but conventional terms get dusty when adjuncts to President Roosevelt are discussed.

He has no kitchen cabinet. What he has is a tennis board, with pedestrian and equestrian attachments—and Loeb. The tennis board is made up of four men, all in the Government service, with William Loeb, Jr., the Secretary to the President, as ex-officio member, and the most powerful of the lot. These men are Gifford Pinchot, Chief Forester of the Department of Agriculture; James Rudolph Garfield, Chief of the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce and Labor; Alford W. Cooley, United States Civil Service Commissioner, and Lawrence O. Murray, Assistant Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor. There are a few others who are the fringe, but they do not count. The real tennis board is Pinchot, Garfield, Cooley and Murray. Loeb does not play tennis. He rides horseback and walks—and works.

Reducing the Presidential Waist-Line

THE tennis board came into being because the President wanted to play tennis. He is getting to that stage in life that comes to every athlete. Fat encroaches. He fights it valiantly. He plunges about the tennis court as if his future happiness depended on his getting into as much of a lather as possible. He drafts his tennis board and all others whom he finds can play. No young man comes into the service, who is of importance enough for the President to know about him, who is not asked if he can play tennis.

A kindly and paternal Government has built a fine court back of the Executive Office. All the paraphernalia is at hand. The President begins early in April and plays until he goes away for the summer. When he wants a game he sends in a general alarm, and the first three of the regulars who respond go at it with him and pulp themselves in the worthy cause of keeping down a President's waist-line.

One gets intimate on the tennis court. It is necessary at times to speak of a fault, or an atrocious service, or a bad return in earnest and unofficial language. The mere fact that the vigorous individual who is battering the net down is the President of the United States does not keep communications formal, especially when the fever of the game is on. Thus, close relations are established.

Thus, too, the tennis board came into being. Pinchot, Cooley, Murray and Garfield are always on hand. If an interested person, sitting in the Executive Office for an hour any day does not see one of the four, or all of them, rush in for a few words in the private Presidential ear, he should rightfully consider himself cheated out of one of the principal shows of the White House.

One of the doorkeepers kept tab for a month. Pinchot led with seventy-seven visits. Garfield and Murray were tied with a few less, and Cooley was a close fourth. They come in and go out. They have attained that much-desired situation—they are "close" to the President. The power to hop gayly into the President's private office at any time, and get immediate attention is not to be sneezed at. The President is a remarkable man. When he likes a man he likes him clear down to the ground. His tennis board is made up of clean, alert young fellows, with high ideals, and there can be no criticism of him so far as they are concerned.

Still, those who know the President intimately know that he is susceptible to reiterated suggestion. If a man who gets to him frequently has a pet project, that is honest and worthy, he can secure Presidential attention at any time, but he may not get Presidential action at once. The President has many things to think about. Therefore, the way to do things is to drop around at every convenient time and make the suggestion over and over again. Some day the President will say: "That is good! I shall do that!" and it is done. Moreover, the President can see no faults in the men who are his close friends. He takes a man into his confidence and it requires a great deal of heavy work to pry him loose. He will not stand deceit or sculduggery a minute, but if he likes you he likes you and wants to see you often.

Superficial observers of Washington, asked to name the man who has most influence with the President, would ramble around and name Senator Lodge, or Secretary Root, or Secretary Taft, or any one of a dozen other men high in public life. Without decrying the influence of these statesmen and their importance in the Administration, the fact is that the man who has most influence with the President is William Loeb, Jr., Secretary to the President. There is vast difference between the Secretary to the President and the President's secretary. He has half a dozen secretaries, but the office of Secretary to the President was created by Congress and ranks just below a Cabinet Minister.

How Mr. Loeb Makes Good

NATURALLY, a man in Loeb's position must grow to great power if he has any ability. He is the man between the President and the people. He knows the President's private affairs. He reads his letters and writes the important ones. He arranges the conferences, is always welcome at the most private gathering, knows everybody and everything, and is closer to his Chief than any one else possibly can be—if he is the right kind of a secretary and has the confidence of the Chief.

Loeb began in Albany. He learned stenography and worked in the courts and in the newspaper offices. When the President was elected Governor of New York he went to Albany without a stenographer. William Youngs, of Oyster Bay, an old friend and neighbor, was his secretary, which is another instance of the President's sticking to his friends, for Youngs had no secretarial qualifications that any one ever knew about. One day, shortly after he took up his duties as Governor, Colonel Roosevelt came out of his private office and asked for a stenographer. Youngs sent Loeb in, Loeb being handy. Next day the President wanted a stenographer again and asked Youngs for "that young fellow who came in yesterday."

Loeb went in again and he has been with the President ever since.

He went to Washington with him when he was Vice-President and to the White House with him when he became President. Postmaster-General Cortelyou, who had been Secretary to President McKinley, continued for a year or two with the President, Loeb taking second place and learning the ropes. Then Cortelyou was put in the Cabinet as Secretary of the Department of Commerce and Labor, and Loeb was promoted.

Coping with Gold-Brick Pedlers

LOEB is a tall, thin, impassive chap, who looks at the world through the eyes of the man whose business has taught him to suspect the entire populace with having ulterior motives. He thinks everybody has a gold brick to sell—and pretty nearly everybody has, by the way. Loeb deals with all comers on that basis, but, when he has found out exactly what is what, he is expeditious in transacting business and is generally just. A man in Loeb's job can make himself as much or as little as he will. To be sure, he must not be officious about it, and must always subordinate himself to his Chief, but, if he takes over matters that a timid secretary would submit to the Chief and decides them himself, he gets, pretty soon, to a place where the Chief expects him to do just that. No man acting in this capacity with President Roosevelt ever could do much without his knowledge, for his activity is incessant and his curiosity is insatiable. Nor has he the slightest taint of laziness. He shouts for work.

Many men who have constant business at the White House complain bitterly of Loeb. Some of these complaints arise from an exaggerated sense of importance of errand or self. Some of them come from the unfortunate and suspicious habit of Loeb. Still, all in all, he is a good man for his place. He takes himself a bit too seriously, and ruffles many times when he might smooth, but the President likes him, has faith in him and supports him, and his power, by way of suggestion, is extensive.

Loeb plays his game along the inscrutable line. He rarely goes anywhere, but vibrates between his house and his office. He works incredibly hard. He has apparently mapped it out that it is his business to be silent, solemn, mysterious, profound. He speaks with great deliberation. He is likely to impress casual visitors by working for a moment or two before he greets them when they are shown into his office. He can be genial if he likes, but that is not written in his prompt-book.

The President is proud of him. He rather sticks out his chest and boasts a bit when he talks of how this young stenographer of Albany has come to be so important a man in the Administration. He trusts Loeb implicitly and Loeb repays that trust.

And, with it all, he has nerve. If he doesn't like a Presidential proposition, he says so, and says so without circumlocution. He speaks up, as they say in Western New York. The President is pugnacious enough and tenacious of his opinions, but he listens with much respect to Loeb—or, if he doesn't the first time, he does the sixth or seventh, for Loeb comes back to the fray, when he has anything in hand he is anxious about, and often wins.

Loeb isn't of the tennis board. He tolerates those constructive and athletic statesmen. He rides horseback, though. He has to do that. No man on earth could get the close friendship of the President who couldn't ride, or play tennis, or walk. Loeb is not particularly impressive aboard a horse, but he undoubtedly figured that inasmuch as he had to do one of the three, riding horseback was the easiest, and he took to that. He does it solemnly and decorously. Somebody must have told him once that the way to get greatness in his work was constantly to impersonate a dull November day. He scrupulously represses every emotion. What he needs is to have somebody come in every few hours, hit him on the back and tell him to cheer up, for, although his responsibilities are large, cherries will surely be ripe again.

Daniel S. Lamont set a high mark that Presidential secretaries will be shooting at for many years. He was more of a politician than Loeb and had more tact in dealing with the public, but William Loeb, Jr., the Albany boy, is doing very well. He pulls a strong oar with Theodore Roosevelt, the strongest. That is an accomplishment that is worthy of record in the first line when the Loeb annals come to be made up.

After Loeb comes the tennis board: Pinchot, Garfield, Cooley and Murray. Strictly speaking, Murray has not so many of the functions of the board as the other three. Murray is more of an athletic member—that is, he plays more tennis and does less influencing. It is fair to put him on the board, though, for he is stronger than Herbert Knox Smith, Garfield's deputy, who is a pretty constant visitor at the White House, but who is not yet in the inner circle. Murray is entitled to place, but it must be distinctly understood that he is number four.

Taken in their order, or rather, as to their relative importance, Garfield comes first, Pinchot second, Cooley third, and Murray, as has been told, a bad fourth. Looking at them *en bloc*, as John Dalzell paralyzed the House of Representatives by moving a series of resolutions one day, the first three have money, and ideals. Murray has not much money, but he has ideals enough to supply any deficiency. They are all earnest young "workers." They plan to reform many things. They talk of civil service and other topics that are not included in the repertoires of common or garden politicians.

James Rudolph Garfield, one of the sons of President Garfield, is Chief of the Bureau of Corporations. The investigations of the Beef Trust, the Standard Oil Company, the insurance companies and some other corporations were directed by him. He was a lawyer in Cleveland, who had served a term or two in the Ohio Senate, when he was brought to Washington by the President to take his present place. Garfield has the good of the country at heart. He is concerned about it. He is as solemn as a tree full of owls, impressed by his responsibilities and impressing others—as well as he can. He talks with the President on great affairs of state every day when he is in the city. He trots over to the White House every time he has a thought and tells the President about it. The President likes him, too. He believes in his earnestness and his high aspirations. He listens and, when the time comes, as it did in the beef packers' cases in Chicago recently, he stands by.

Garfield's principal characteristic is his great caution. He runs his mind like a card index, and if he hasn't an entry on the cards he does nothing. He is cautious to the point of timidity. He is a constitutional classifier. He personifies system. He spends a good deal of his time chasing flyspecks. Personally, he is a pleasant, open-faced young man, but always borne down with the weight of his opinions on the public service. He has ambitions to be a great constructive statesman, and there have been stories that he would run for Congress, but he expects to get into the Cabinet some day. The President calls him "Jimmie." So do the people out in Ohio. He deprecates this and always signs himself "James Rudolph Garfield." It must be disconcerting to be known as "Jimmie" when one is working for the public good all the time and is heavy-laden with responsibility.

Gifford Pinchot came into close communion with the President through his knowledge of forestry, always remembering his ability to play tennis. Pinchot took some courses on forestry abroad after he left college. He is rich and decided to devote himself to the preservation of the woodlands of the country and their intelligent cultivation and care. He is a tall, nervous man, with a long, pale face and a drooping, light mustache that looks as if it just happened to grow on his upper lip and he never thought anything about it, but accepted it as a gift from Nature. He wears good clothes, but they look as if he let the tailor dress him and put them on perfunctorily. When Pinchot goes along the street he walks as if he was thinking great thoughts. He looks like a man with what those disrespectful people of the unrarefied strata call a "bug."

The President is a forester himself. He likes the woods. He took to Pinchot naturally, for here was a young man with plenty of money working in a Government department for the betterment of the country when he might have been having fun. Pinchot took many walks with the President and explained trees to him. He told him much about forestry, and when the President went out wood-chopping he took Pinchot along to help him do the slaughter scientifically.

Pinchot is a pedestrian. He is trained to the Roosevelt pace. He follows the leader. Shortly after Robert Bacon, the New York millionaire and former member of the firm of J. P. Morgan, became Assistant Secretary of State, the President sent for Pinchot to come and have a walk with him. "Put on your old clothes," said the President, "for I am going to take Bacon out, too, and see what sort of stuff he is made of."

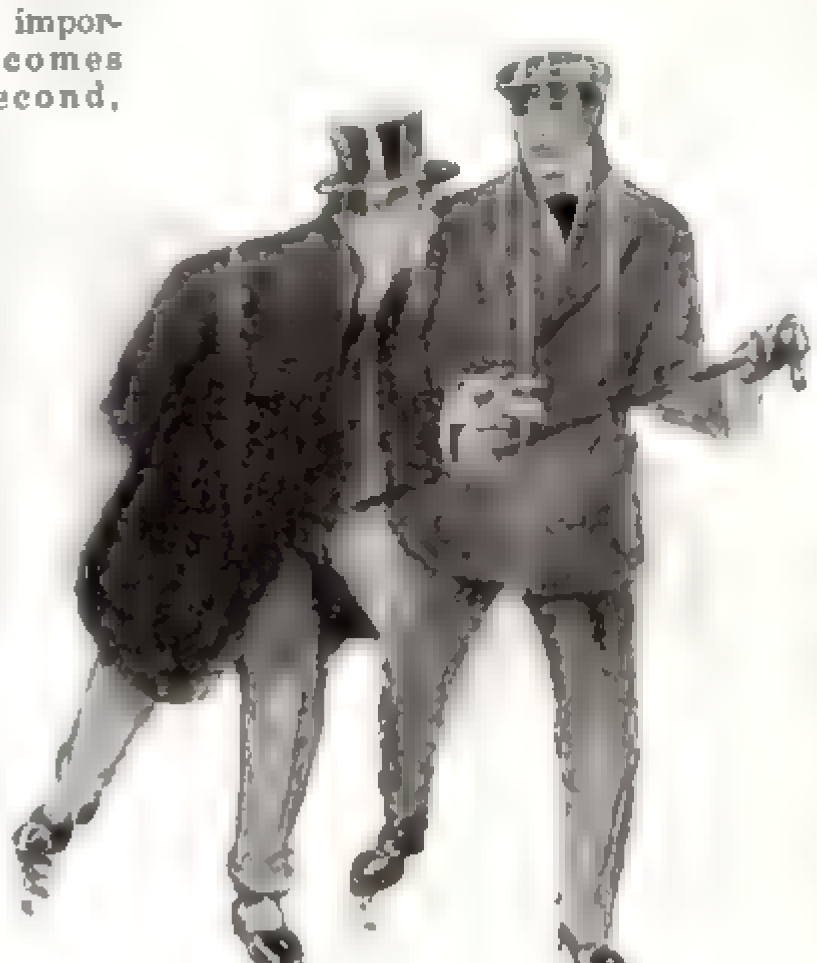
Bacon was an athlete in college, pulling a stroke oar with a victorious crew, but he had not worked at it much while he was with Morgan. He did not know about the Roosevelt pace, either. He strolled across to the White House dressed in fine gray trousers, a long coat, a high hat and patent-leather shoes. The President looked at him and grinned. Pinchot arrived in old clothes and heavy shoes. The President was roughly clad.

"We are going to take a walk," said the President. "Come on, Bacon."

They swung out through Georgetown, walking rapidly, and came to the canal. They struck the bank between two bridges and about a mile from either. The President looked around in mock alarm. "What shall we do?" he asked.

"We can get across that bridge," Bacon suggested tentatively.

Pinchot said nothing. He waded into the canal. The President gave a little gurgle of delight and followed. Bacon hesitated and then took the plunge. They waded across, with the water up to their armpits. That gave Bacon a sort of a right to get into the inner circle, but he does not do very well on the tennis court and he is not all in yet.



Pinchot is on the most familiar terms with the President. Like Garfield, he drops in every time he has a thought. The President always is glad to see him. Together they discuss many problems. Personally, Pinchot is a very decent sort of a chap. He is an enthusiast on forestry and he is doing much for the country.

Alford W. Cooley is the youngest of the tennis board. He is thirty-three. He has been holding office ever since he left college, although he is a lawyer, or because he is a lawyer—suit yourself. He was an inspector of schools in New York, a member of Assembly from Westchester County for two years and clerk of the Surrogate's Court for two more. Now he is United States Civil Service Commissioner, holding an office that the President once held, and, undoubtedly, he looks to the future for the same rewards the President secured.

Cooley impresses one as being a trifle over-educated or, to put it another way, as conscious to a disconcerting degree of his education. He is a tall, good-looking, athletic young fellow, with a high forehead and serious intentions in life.

Lawrence O. Murray is in somewhat of a different class. He gets to the Presidential ear as often as any of them, but he rather makes the opportunity himself. That is, Murray was put on the tennis board because he can play tennis. He is a man who has been long in the Government service. When he finished school he became the private secretary to an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Then he was Chief of the Bureau of Organization in the Treasury and after that Deputy Comptroller of Currency under Charles G. Dawes, who was one of President McKinley's nearest and dearest "boys." Murray went to a trust company in Chicago for three years after Dawes retired and was picked for the assistant secretaryship of the Department of Commerce by Cortelyou when he was put into the Cabinet. He is of the Cortelyou school.

Murray was in his office one day when he was summoned to the White House by telephone. He went over. The President asked him if he could play tennis. He said he could. He went out and played. His game pleased the President and he has been high in favor ever since. The President discusses departmental affairs with him. Murray gets around almost every day and sometimes twice, so that he shall lose none of his advantage. He is a short, stocky person, with a round, chubby face and an effusive style of address that makes you think you have met an Indiana politician. Murray has theories of government, too.

Garfield, Pinchot, Cooley and Murray are all clean, capable young men. Also, they are wise in their day and generation. They had an opportunity and they have made much of it. They are close to the President, closer than anybody else, if daily contact and the readiness of the President to listen to their views amount to anything.

A Woman's Question

THE late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was sitting with his wife on the porch of his house in Worcester when two express-wagons drove up and the men unloaded five enormous boxes on the sidewalk.

"What on earth is that, Mr. Hoar?" asked Mrs. Hoar.

The Senator went out and peered at the boxes. Then he answered proudly: "My dear, these boxes contain the staircase from an ancestral home of the Hoar family in England. I bought it when I was last in England."

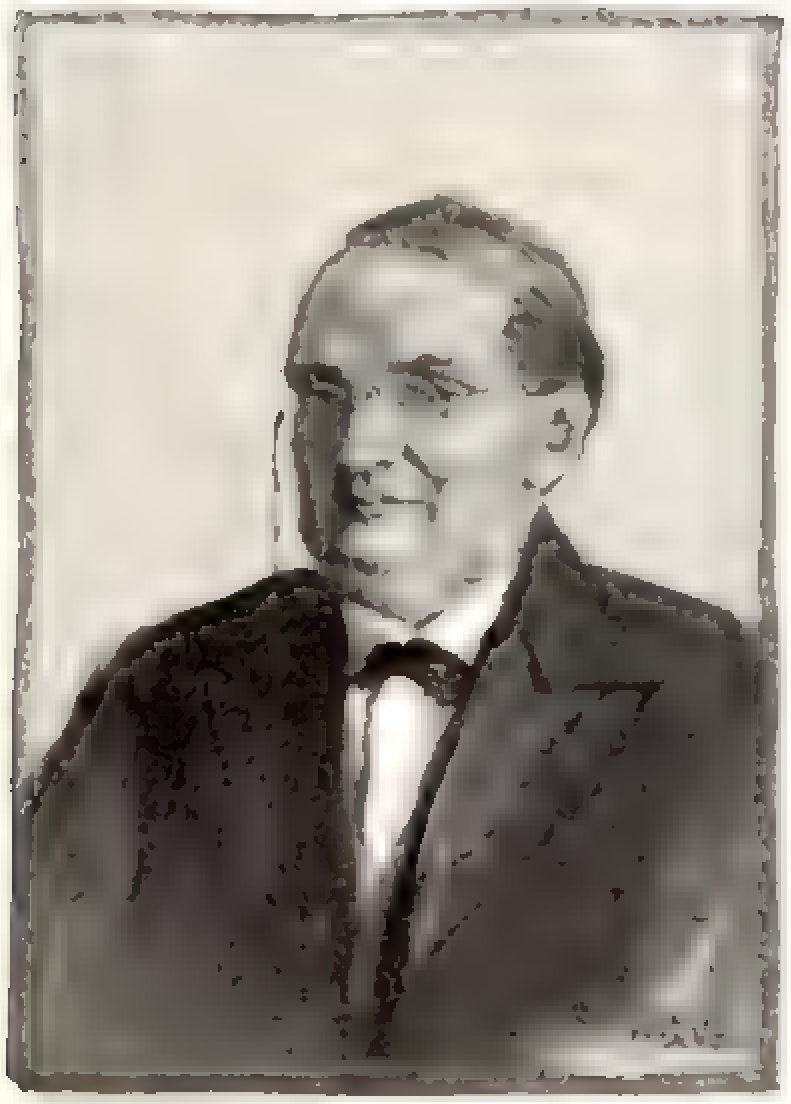
"Indeed?" replied Mrs. Hoar, not a whit impressed. "And what do you intend to do with it, may I ask?"

The Senator was flabbergasted. At last he said with great dignity: "Mrs. Hoar, that is merely a woman's question."

THE SENATOR'S PRICE

A Tale of Treasons, Stratagems and Spoils

BY WILL PAYNE



Nothing Could Have Been Kindlier

I

THE fame of the new Senator from Uhkota preceded him. He was young, poor, inexperienced in national politics, a stranger to Washington. But in the State campaign, where the issue had been railroad taxation, his fiery eloquence had ignited the native prairies. So he had been sent to the Senate. Senators Pilger and Brainbridge smiled over it indulgently. Queer things were done out West.

Among the overlords of the Senate young Mantle aroused a certain mild, detached, good-natured interest, much as though he were some new bug that they were about to view. They found his well-set-up, deep-chested, muscular person not unpleasant to look upon; shook hands with him affably and assigned him to the Committee on Tribal Relations, which met once every other year and had a room three floors underground, next the coal-bins. The overlords rather hoped the young man, if sent back for a second term, would dig his way to the surface in the course of ten or a dozen patient, obedient precedent-bound years. Meanwhile, being busy governing the country, they expected to forget him.

The House passed a little bill—good for Congressional campaign purposes—restricting the lease and sale of mineral lands in Indian Territory. The Senate, meaning to bury it, humorously referred it to the Committee on Tribal Relations. Mantle pounced upon it as a famished dog upon a bone. He clamored for it day and night. He touched off bomb after bomb. He got the newspapers to talking about it. His explosions fairly blew the White House into an adoptive attitude. By his own sole, sheer demoniac energy he lifted the little bill bodily into something like a national issue. It was the people against the gorged, usurping, plutocratic "System"—especially against the Oil Trust and the Mine Trust. Senator Mantle, who, by all the rules, should have been dutifully shifting minor scenery, became a figure at the very front of the stage. His picture, in double-column, blossomed in the press. And he heated himself still hotter by his own fire. He was aware that his cyclonic campaign for the bill had set Washington agog. The passion to be noticed, which bit like an eager acid at his soul, was assuaged thereby; yet beneath it all he was disappointed.

Striding homeward, his new light overcoat on his arm, the black slouch hat pulled down on his ample brow, he glanced up at the beetling façade of the Willard. It reeked of money. To his restless imagination the crowd of lounging men within, the expensive dining-rooms where richly-gowned women lingered, even the uniformed footmen loafing at the door, suggested wealth, ease, security. The columns of the Treasury Building, farther on, were so many symbols of an impregnably established order. Then the White House—his familiarity with it scarcely extended beyond the executive offices. Its other aspect, as a social capital whither fine equipages, decorated men and jeweled women came, now teased his mind. Turning toward his modest little "family hotel," he observed the many carriages, often with two liveried servants; usually with smart-looking women. A noble ambassador's electric car rolled past. On the avenue he identified many of the costlier houses—having looked them up in the directory. This porticoed pile of Roman brick was Pilger's. Brainbridge dwelt in marble halls around the corner. A mining Crœsus lived in yonder alleged château. It did not occur to Mantle to question the allegation.

Out in Prairie City, Uhkota, it had seemed such a colossal thing to be a United States Senator! In his little law office in the magnificent five-story Dillingham Block how he had dilated over the fact—until his mind was really touched with awe by the concept of power and grandeur! He had condescended to poor old Peter Dillingham, the local magnate, said to be worth almost a million.

Now, every impression whispered to Mantle that, after all, he was the merest incident here; nothing but a temporary marginal notation. He felt Washington to be in fact a city possessed by the solidly-placed, wealth-founded heirs of success. To that real, enduring world of the capital he was an outsider. He preserved his democracy. Also, like most men with the histrionic instinct, he craved a sympathetic feminine audience. He was not snobbish. But if the women's world—that pleasant, brilliantly-lighted, richly-appointed sphere of drawing-rooms, which was all the more radiant to his thought because he had so very little experience of it—ignored him, it was a sign of the strict limits of his success. That social Washington took him so calmly, or, more strictly speaking, failed to take him at all, had been one of the great, unpleasant surprises. The very dome of the Capitol seemed to say to him: "We have seen so many Senators here. They come and go. If you should endure for a dozen or twenty years we would probably begin to notice you."

It was the concept of an old, indifferent, impregnable order of things that shadowed his hot spirit. It looked out at him alike from Pilger's bland, chubby, bespectacled countenance and from Brainbridge's lean, blanched, wrinkled face. He could keep the newspapers going; he could hurl thunderbolts of impassioned eloquence. The overlords sat back, smiling, waiting for the clamor to cease—when they would calmly outvote him and turn to something else.

"They are waiting to bury me! When I fight with all the passion and power there are in me—for a great and just cause, too, Margaret—they put up their hands to hide a yawn and glance around to see whether the grave isn't dug yet!"

So he wrote that night, in his somewhat battered little sitting-room in the inexpensive "family hotel." He had never called her Margaret until recently in his correspondence. She did not really correspond to the figure—or figures—that he had cherished in the back of his brain when he left Prairie City for Washington. He had seen some women who did correspond to that figure, or figures—seen them in carriages that sped by, or in the receiving line at crowded official affairs. So far, he knew their names only by hearsay. Thus, of late, he had begun the letters to Prairie City "Dear Margaret."

"A man counts for nothing here; truth for nothing; justice for nothing. It is all the System—a great, intricate engine constructed by money; operating, finally, for money. When I stop and think of its almost omnipresent and omnipotent power I turn faint. What can a mere man do against it? I have studied it, pondered over it—yes, discovered its secret! It exists because almost all men have their prices; almost all are, in some way or another, to be bought; and the System, because it rules the world, always has on hand, at the right moment, the Price! So, you see, it perpetuates itself. Every man that it buys gives it more power to buy another. It is able to buy so many men precisely because so many men have sold out to it." The writer's eyes glowed, and his rapid, nervous hand traced on: "Now, Margaret, I am going to say something that will shock you. I no longer care for *self*. I am ready to sacrifice my *Political Career*. I don't care whether I am reëlected Senator, or to any other office! My ambition is to show these fellows that there is one man they can't buy; to stand and fight and fight and fight for my righteous bill, and die in the last ditch, if need be—but in such a way that Pilger, Brainbridge and the others will feel in their souls that there is a point where the System breaks down—the point where it encounters an unpurchasable man. The *Money Power* has decreed my defeat. Its agents are here loaded with bribe money. Of this I am morally certain. Let them defeat me; kill me! I want them to know that the poor lawyer stood immovable. When I am overthrown, obscure, yes, when I am dead, some others will know it——"

Mantle had courage and intelligence; yet his writing hand stopped because it trembled too much. A lump came in his throat; tears to his eyes; and he was shaken by the same emotion as though he were looking down upon the dead, tragic face of the unrewarded hero of his tale. Such is the dramatic imagination.

He swallowed the lump, brushed the tear from his eye and controlled his voice to call, "Come in," for somebody had knocked gently at the door.

Peter A. Bolliver, one of the three Representatives in the lower house of the sovereign State of Uhkota, entered in a manner betraying haste and excitement. Congressman Bolliver was stout and red. He had served two terms, during which, with the best of intentions, he had never been able to do anything save vote as the caucus told him to and drop many bills into the introductory basket—whence most of them had taken their noiseless, pre-ordained way to oblivion. His admiration for Mantle who, in six months, had stirred up a commotion in the Senate itself, amounted almost to reverence. He shuffled his heavy person into the indicated chair, hat in hand.

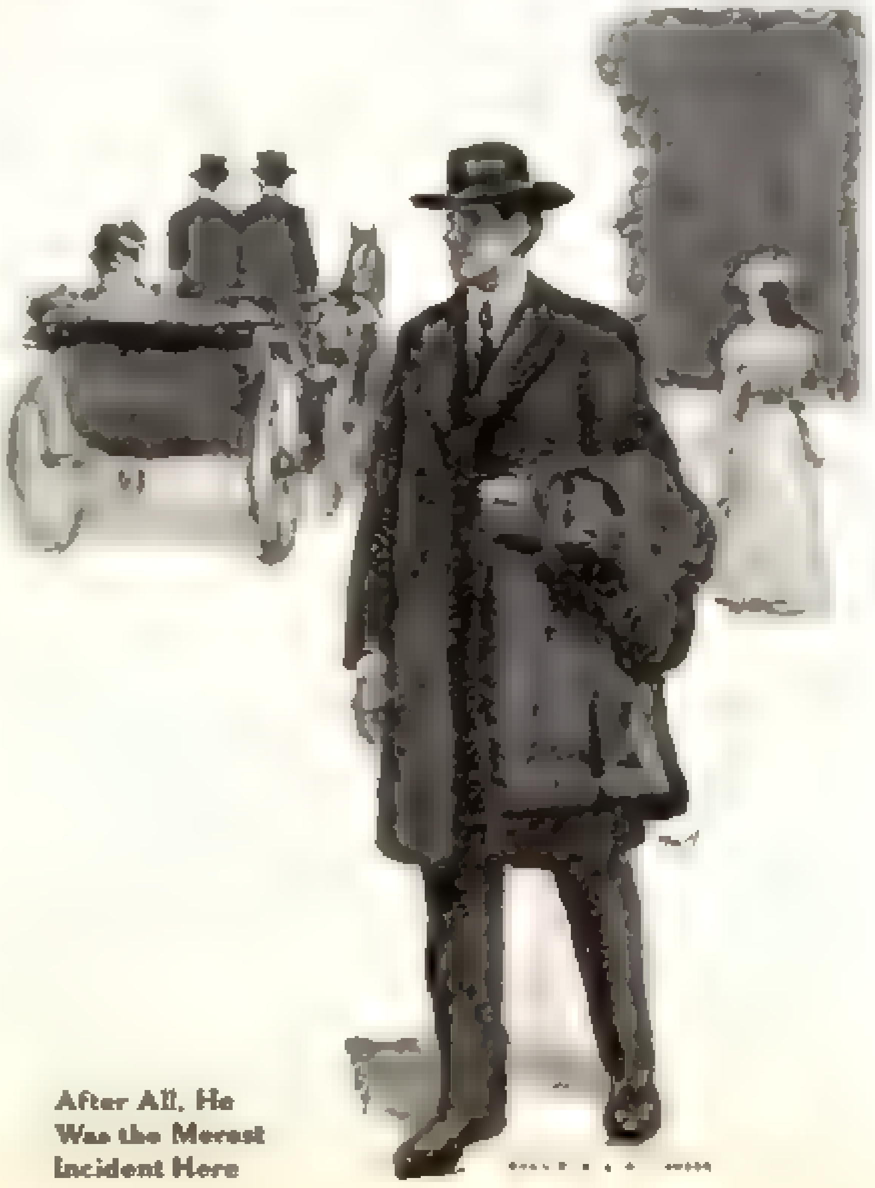
"Say, Eugene, they're getting ready to slaughter your bill. They've got it all framed up. There was a meeting last night at the Ballington Hotel. I just heard about it and came to tell you. Brainbridge is going to sell 'em mining stock. You understand, sell 'em mining stock for about ten per cent. what it's worth. They talked of fifty per cent. first—then ten. A pretty heavy-set, middle-aged man, smooth-faced, with spectacles—wouldn't you say that was Pilger? And Merriwether——"

There was no elevator in the "family hotel." The rapid ascent of two flights of stairs had robbed Bolliver of most of that remnant of his breath which excitement had left him. Hence he spoke gaspingly, some of the words wheezing away as through a leak in a bellows. Senator Mantle's own instant excitement did not conduce to a rapid or orderly unfolding of the story; but when Bolliver finally left him he fairly felt the physical clutch of his fingers upon a bomb of tremendous potency, and his sore, hot heart expanded with a rather wild exultation.

II

CONGRESS had adjourned for the day. Senator Mantle sat by the desk in his subterranean committee-room, talking with urbane dignity to three substantial gentlemen from Prairie City. He was rather pleased that they should see the two newspaper correspondents waiting patiently in the opposite corner. He followed his constituents into the corridor; returning, gave a democratic hand and smile to each correspondent. Then he noticed that they were regarding him in a grave manner, and led them over to the desk.

They were his very good friends: Sam Grant of the New York Trumpet, and Brian Maloney of the Chicago Telegram—both evening newspapers of radical tendencies, hungry



After All, He Was the Merest Incident Here for sensations and finding all too many of them falling to the morning papers. Grant's portly person and ruddy face, which commonly exuded good nature, now seemed invisibly swathed in cerements. Maloney plucked nervously at his red beard, trimmed in the French fashion; his blue eye was not only troubled, but, it struck the Senator, a bit sour. He began the conversation.

"Merriwether has served notice on our papers to retract that Ballington Hotel story or stand suit for libel. We've got to make good."

The Senator himself turned grave. It had occurred before to him that the correspondents had treated the story rather boldly; but that, of course, was their own affair. As it appeared in their pages (it took a whole page in the Trumpet and half that in the Telegram), a prominent Western business man occupied a room in the Ballington Hotel on the night of April 3, retiring early. The transom was open. He was kept awake by a conversation that was going on in the room adjoining. Presently he found the conversation very interesting; listened to it; remembered it. Two men seemed to be in the room all the time; others came and went, taking part in the conversation. The talk was about the bill to restrict the lease and sale of mineral lands in the Indian Territory. Various Senators were mentioned by name (the reports, however, did not repeat the names). Which ones would vote for the bill and which ones against it was discussed. Also, it was proposed that doubtful Senators be permitted to purchase mining stock at much less than its real value. The manufacturer, realizing that the confab was coming to an end, stepped into the hall; thus saw the two men who had been in the room continuously. One was stout, florid, bespectacled, rather past middle age; the other was shorter, spare, with a young-looking, smooth-shaven face and iron-gray hair.

Here, so far as definite allegation went, the account ended, but on this foundation an ornate structure of inference had been skillfully reared. Somebody in New York had said that John Merriwether, treasurer of the Oil Trust, had gone to Washington to see about the mineral lands bill. The papers printed his picture and pointed out that he was short, spare, with a youthful face and iron-gray hair. John Merriwether and Senator Pilger were brothers-in-law. The Senator's picture appeared beside his kinsman's, and it was observed that he was stout, a bit elderly, and wore spectacles. The headlines and subheads were bolder than the text.

"Merriwether swears he hasn't been in Washington this winter," Maloney observed gloomily. "Says he can prove it, too."

"I've been down to the hotel," said Grant, more mildly, yet overcast. "I know Gregson there pretty well. He gave me his word of honor neither Merriwether nor Pilger had been inside the hotel in a year. And he offered to take me all over the house and show me there wasn't a single room in it that had a transom opening to any other room."

"It's just here, Mantle," Maloney added, quite morosely, "we've got to make good. We want to see this Western business man. Who is he?"

"Gentlemen," the Senator began in full tones. "I don't know his name," he added lamely. "But see here! That story was told me by a man on whose integrity I'd stake my life!" He struck the desk with his fist and lifted his head proudly. "For your own deductions you've got to stand. But I'll show you that what I told you is true!"

"That's it! That's all we want!" said Grant, nodding energetically; even smiling. "That Pilger and Merriwether were there — that's all we want."

"I didn't say they were there," the Senator replied. "I told you what my man told me—with descriptions of the men. Between ourselves, I haven't any doubt they were there."

"But this Western business man," said Maloney anxiously. "He's the fellow to see now."

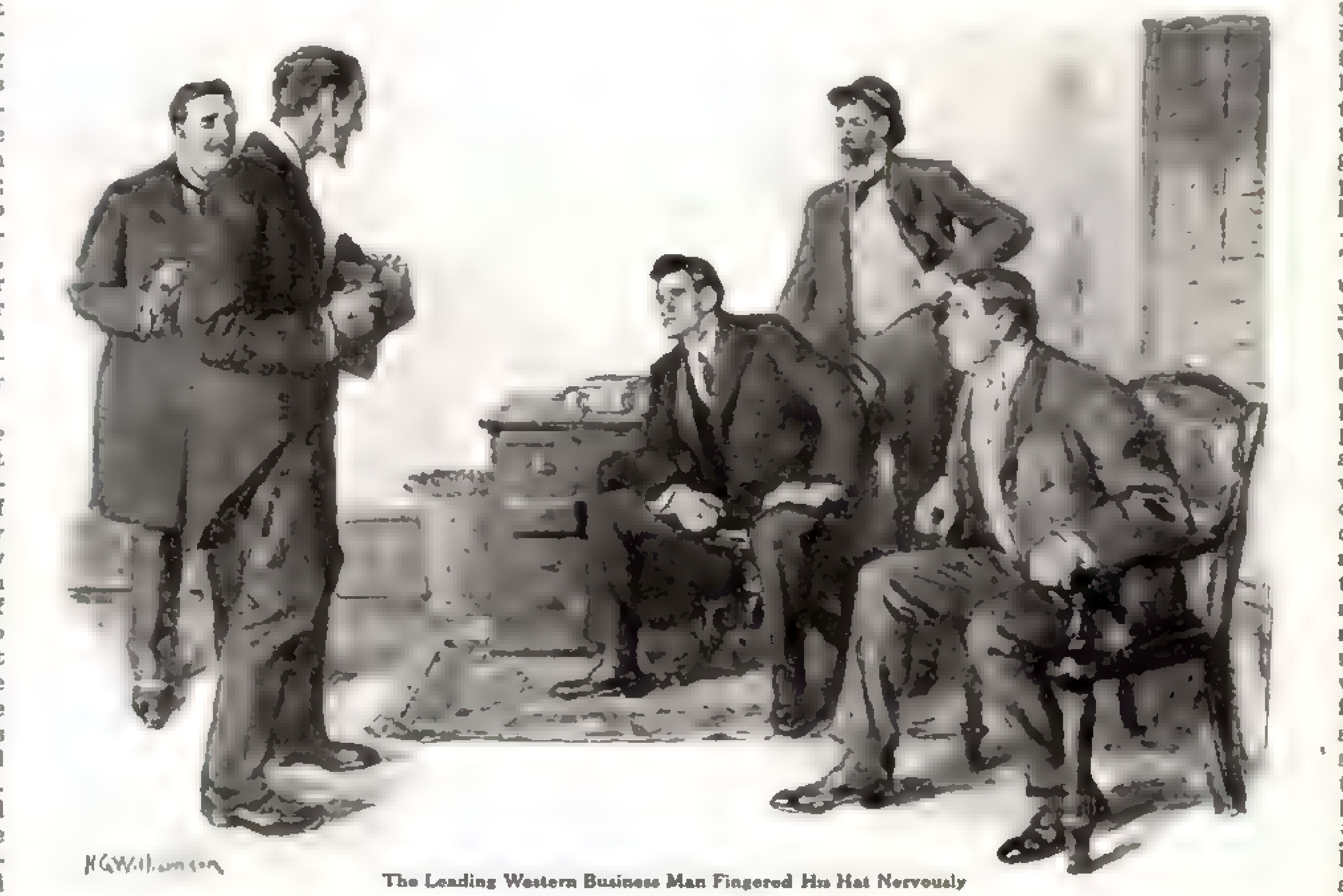
"Wait!" Mantle exclaimed, with a gesture not undramatic. He turned to the telephone, while the correspondents waited uneasily. When he put down the instrument his smile was triumphant. "He'll be here in half an hour! I haven't seen him, mind you. You shall question him yourselves!"

In the swift rebound of his ardent temperament he clapped the correspondents on the shoulder and turned happily to his desk.

III

WILLIAM EVERLY was Western, and a business man. In fact, he conducted a modest stationery and news-stand enterprise in a corner of the post-office at Dodgeville, forty miles west of Prairie City. He was a man of some substance: but the substance was all invested in a section and a quarter of Uhkota land that resolutely refused to grow anything save wiry grass. The conversation of a wayfarer of medical turn had drawn his attention to Russian goats, to the culture of which the wayfarer believed this land peculiarly adapted, and whose milk was good for invalids. He had read a book on the subject, and was now in Washington with the delusive hope that Congressman Bolliver was going to get an appropriation for the purpose of importing and naturalizing the goat of the steppes.

As he entered Senator Mantle's room, in tow of the Congressman, neither his person nor clothing really corresponded with the idea of a prairie captain of industry which those within had in mind. But the Senator, at least, was not one to judge by clothes.



The Leading Western Business Man Fingered His Hat Nervously

"Mr. Everly," he began deliberately, after brief introductions all around, "you overheard a conversation in the Ballington Hotel about the mineral lands bill, and saw the men?"

"Yes, sir," said Everly, exactly like a witness trying to make a good impression.

"I wish," said the Senator, as examining magistrate, "you would describe those two men just as particularly as you can."

Mr. Everly looked greatly surprised. "Why," he replied, in an astonished tone, "there's the fat one, right there." And he pointed at Sam Grant.

For a moment it seemed doubtful whether any of his auditors would ever speak again.

"In a room up in the Ballington Hotel — with the transom open?"—Grant gasped thus far, but was unable to proceed.

The leading Western business man fingered his hat nervously. "Well," he said, between defense and apology, "I don't know's I mentioned to the Congressman especially about the room, and I know I didn't say anything about a transom. The fact is, gentlemen"— he looked up firmly—"I'm a pro-*hi*-bitionist. I was in the little room where they sell magazines and cigars. This conversation that I related to the Congressman was going on in the next apartment—which smelled like a saloon."

Again, for a moment, there was a painful silence. Grant spoke, almost apathetically. "I remember it now," he said. "Jimmy Brewster of the Clarion and I sat in there jawing. Jimmy was saying they would let 'em buy mining stock cheap. He's short, thin and gray-headed—and me for Pilger." He tried bravely to smile a little; but there was the suspicion of a tear in his amiable blue eye.

"But, hold on!" Maloney cried. "You told us ——"

And then ensued a long, rather heated discussion as to just exactly what Everly had told Bolliver and Bolliver had told Mantle and Mantle had told the correspondents. Everly insisted he had told only what he actually heard and saw. Bolliver swore he had delivered the account to Mantle exactly as he had received it. The Senator affirmed that he had repeated it with the fidelity of a highly conservative phonograph. The correspondents staked their personal and professional honors that they had alleged as facts only what the Senator had vouched for as facts. Yet there stood the monstrous discrepancy between the idle chatter of two reporters, incidentally participated in by acquaintances who happened by, and the great sensation as published. Maloney was glaring murderously at the Senator, who was trembling with indignation. Congressman Bolliver was one big sop of perspiration and excitement. Mr. Everly was continually swallowing his Adam's apple. Sam Grant had been silent and engaged in thought for some minutes.

"Senator," he said quietly, "we're all up against it — that's plain." He looked at the others a moment. "Come outside. I want to speak to you," he added significantly.

The pale Senator followed the portly correspondent into the corridor.

"I guess you see what we're up against," Grant began. His manner was woebegone, but without any malice. On the contrary, he plainly treated Mantle as a brother in affliction. "You're the father of this story, you know, and it looks to me as though we ought to stand together. Bri and I have got to make a report to our papers, of course. It won't leave 'em a leg to stand on —which naturally will make 'em awful sore. They'll fire us and they'll take it out of you good and plenty. I wouldn't wonder if they'd print the whole account of the thing — touching up your part in it. If Merriwether presses his suit for libel, the account will come out anyway. Now, I got a tip today that Pilger is going to demand an investigation by a Senate committee, and that will bring out the account. If the straight account ever gets out, every newspaper in the country will simply josh you off the face of the earth. In our stories Bri and I handed some pretty large bouquets to Senator Mantle, you know, which will help on the joshing a lot when it's known that you gave us the story." He attempted his old-time sunny smile, but got only the wan ghost of it. "Don't you see, Senator, it's a case where a man's simply got to holler for help!"

Mantle stared at the speaker with blank eyes which, also, seemed turning pale. "I haven't any 'pulls,' Grant," he said bitterly.

"Oh, pshaw! Yes, you have, too," the correspondent replied cheeringly. "A United States Senator! You bet you've got plenty of pull! And now's the time to use it. After all's said and done, Pilger is a good-natured, generous-minded chap; and he's always ready to trade reasonably. You go straight to him; tell him just the hole you're in. He'll call off Merriwether and stop the whole business."

As Mantle looked into the newspaper man's candid, amiable blue eye he seemed to behold the sweet-tempered, companionable, open-handed soul of Lesser Graft. "I go to Pilger!" he exclaimed, in hollow accents, lifting a hand to the beginning of a noble gesture — but no further.

Grant tapped him fraternally on the shoulder. "Now, honest, Senator, the newspapers would josh you to kingdom come and back again. You'd be the prize laughing-stock of the earth. Just think that story over from beginning to end and see if you wouldn't. Your usefulness in the Senate would be destroyed, you see." The correspondent rather blushed for that Machiavellian touch.

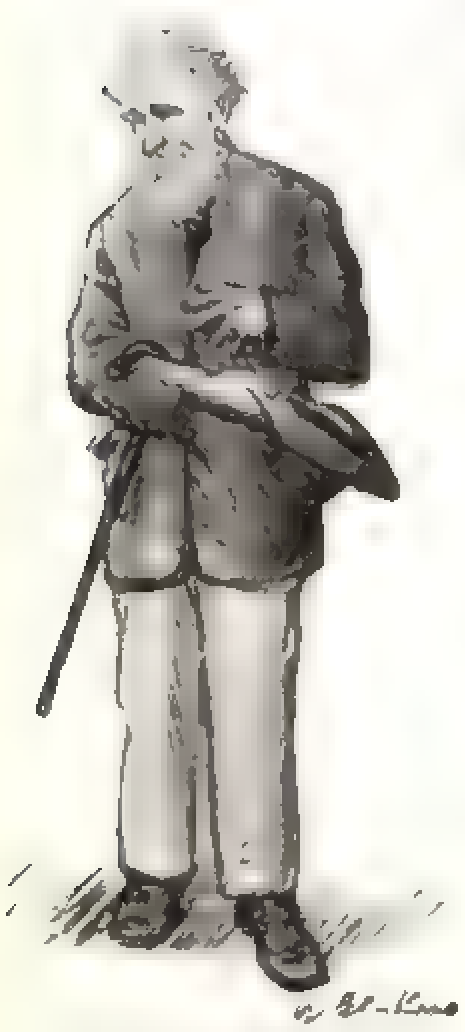
In a sufficiently dramatic setting Senator Mantle would have marched erectly to the fiery stake or gathered the mortal spears to his unflinching bosom. But this thing — his superabundant imagination betrayed him. He saw it with a thousand details, each more diabolically ridiculous than the others: the gossip of two obscure reporters; the grave fool Everly, with his news-stand in the corner of a country post-office, made to figure as "a prominent Western business man," dreaming of a subsidy

(Concluded on Page 20)

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

Human Documents in the Case of the New Slavery

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST


"When You're Played Out You're Played Out"

PASSING rapidly in the train through the "cotton belt" region one is struck only by the monotony of the mill towns that are huddled, one after the other, along the railroad lines. The factory buildings are all identical: brick walls riddled with windows through which the dark, austere machines are visible, and the villages themselves scarcely vary their rows of dismal, expressionless wooden cottages. Yet, though outward appearances repeat themselves with insistence, behind the dreary scenic effect there is the variety which life itself, and the fantasies of the human mind, industrial or otherwise, never fail to impose.

Cartersville was "just one more" Southern mill town, but in the little settlement of very recent foundation certain new phases of the child-labor problem presented themselves.

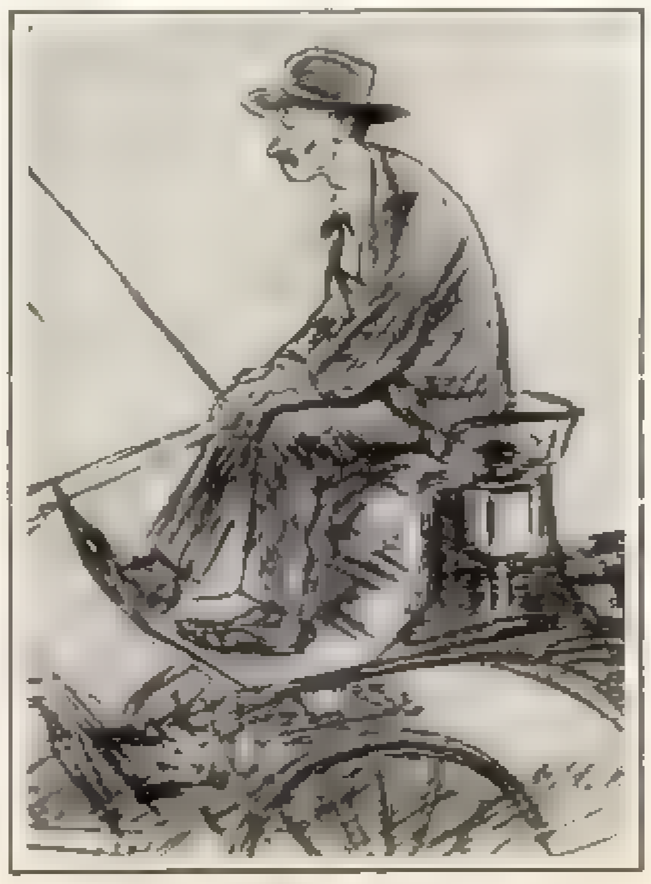
At the railroad station, which is a mile or two from the mill, I found a barouche with a team of horses. The hack-driver had on lank, black clothes, a white shirt-collar, very loose and open over a scrawny neck, which seemed to tilt backward under the weight of his head, rendered still more ponderous by a large felt hat. As we slopped and spattered along through the muddy roads, the "team" were cheered on their disintegrated way by a mechanism in the throat of the driver, which produced now a conciliatory cluck, now a deluge of tobacco juice. The anatomy of the "team" resembled two stony ridges in the Rocky Mountains, across whose irregular surface the hackman, by way of preparing for conversation, slapped his whip.

"Are you-all acquainted with the proprietor of the mill?" he queried; and having received a negative answer, he went on: "He's about the right sort. I reckon they don't make no better," which generous comment was followed by a double gurgling of the mechanism in his throat.

The mill village, to be sure, exhaled a general air of tidiness and thrift, of method and prosperity which I had not before encountered. The houses, painted white with gray shingle roofs, green blinds and red chimneys, were cheerful in appearance: each back yard had a neat wash-house, and there was an incipient growth of grass in the front areas, agreeable to the eye. The monotony of the company's buildings—a church, an opera house, a school, two stores and the factory—was relieved by a successful attempt to finish with white window-sashes and over-doors these red-brick Colonial constructions.

I proceeded directly to the office. Without any reluctance, permission was at once given me to go anywhere I pleased in the mill. The same appearance of cheerfulness which had struck me as I entered the village again appealed to me as I went into the spinning-room. Provided with every modern improvement, the machinery was compact and convenient; the bands and fly-wheels, placed under the spinning-frames instead of between them, left ample space for circulating; and the light not only came through the side windows, but shone down generously from a skylight, glowing upon the spotless walls and fresh wooden floors.

The same remark made by the hack-driver was repeated by the foreman who showed me round.


A White Shirt-Collar, a Scrawny Neck, a Large Felt Hat

"The proprietor of these mills is about as good as they make 'em. He don't want more'n six per cent. on his money. The rest goes back for improvements. He keeps the mill runnin' night and day. That way the machines wear out sooner so's he can get new ones with all the latest inventions."

Were there children in this pleasant mill, you ask? Yes, alas, too many; and my first question to the foreman was.

"How can so good a proprietor employ such little 'hands'?"

"Well," was his answer, "I've got a hundred 'kids' here who should be over twelve years old, but sometimes I have to ask the parents if they're bringing me triplets! They generally manage to have three between twelve and fourteen years old. Anything to get 'em in. But, if they swear falsely, what can we do?"

I questioned a number myself. "Did you ever go to school?" I asked one pale, sallow, sunken-eyed little girl. In a tone which implied that I evidently didn't understand things she answered:

"I can't go to school. I *have* to work." Then she added: "I would love to learn readin' an' writin'." And another midget looked at me with yearning eyes as I put the usual question, and said:

"I sure would rather go to school than be in *here!*"

Out of the hundred "kids" there were at least forty who looked under twelve. This was the usual aspect of the Southern cotton mill, but the unusual occurrence in the Cartersville factory was the presence of new machines which, with an intelligence that seemed human, were doing, not only the mechanical tasks, but which were themselves gradually reforming child labor. In what way, the following figures will best give an idea:

At the Lindale mills there were 100,000 spindles, and a total of 1500 hands employed.

At Cartersville, owing to the perfection of the machinery, there were only 300 night and 300 day hands employed, with a total of 30,000 spindles!

The weaving looms fed themselves, so that one girl, instead of caring for from six to twelve, could run from sixteen to twenty-eight looms.

Each spindle in the cotton mill has its own band, which bands were formerly made, one in every three minutes, by a boy of eight or ten years old. At Cartersville, the bands were furnished, one a minute, by a machine which needed no one to feed it!

Thus the small boy, whose services were heretofore deemed indispensable, had been actually replaced by an automaton which aided in reducing the burden of child labor.

Examples of this sort should, and do, no doubt, serve as an encouragement to engineers and inventors. Occupied always with mathematics and mechanics, they sometimes consider their task in life as dry and abstract, but how truly humanitarian is their work! By a single invention, such as the automatic self-feeding band machine, they have emancipated from the serfdom of child labor a whole category of little people, who must of necessity, eventually, if not at once, benefit by the fact that there is one "job" less which they can fill in the cotton mills.

Griffin is a charming Southern town of the old aristocratic type. The lofty colonnades of the ample white frame mansions are overrun by rose-vines; along the broad avenues the dark magnolia trees stand stately as sentinels; there is something soft and enveloping in the air, something melancholy and sweet that ill coincides with the atmosphere of activity and thrift emanating from half a dozen lively factories in the immediate neighborhood. Yet, if the black smoke curling upward from tall chimneys, the groaning and trepidation of machinery, promise animation from without, within the mill walls one finds the same listless, prostrate troop of children, their small bodies racked by a service which wrings all vitality from them.

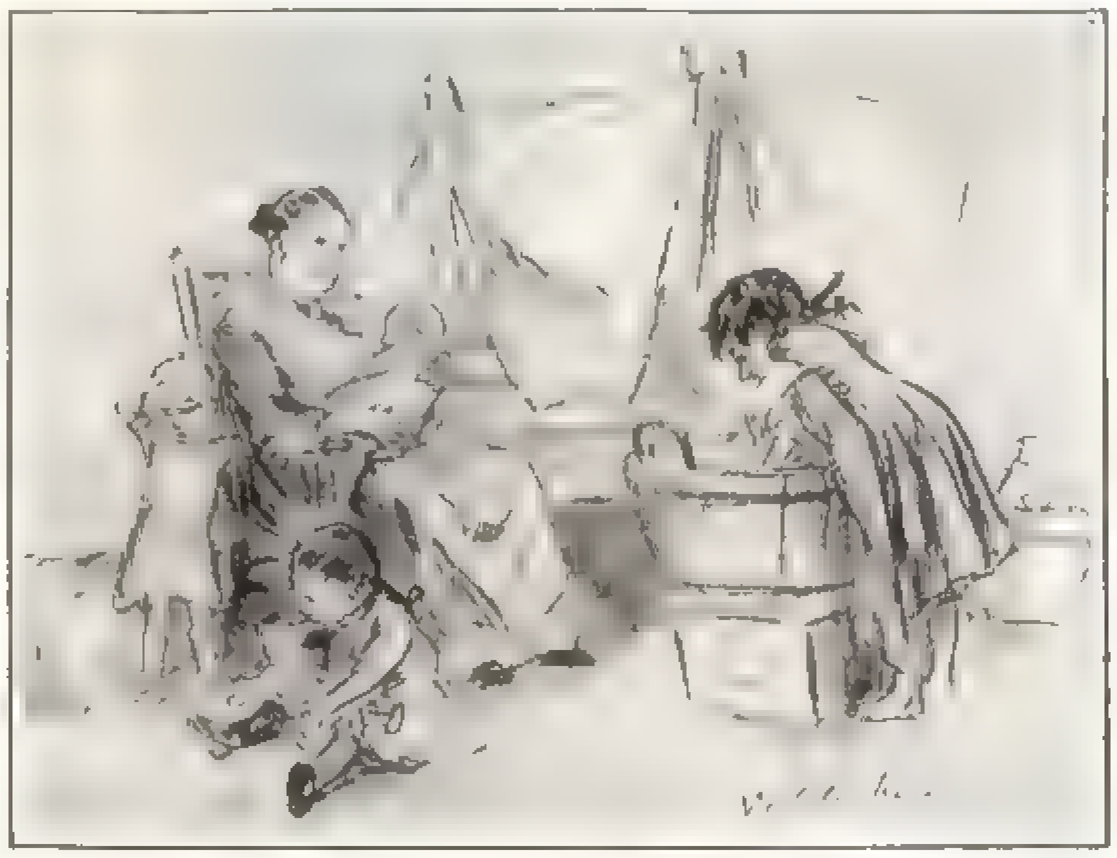
At one of these mills, where I was given permission to "find my way alone," I questioned twenty children in the spinning-room, only two of whom gave their ages as over twelve. At another factory which I visited without permission, the door being open, I found ten children under twelve out of a total of only one hundred operatives. At two other mills I was forbidden admission, but the teachers of the school in the mill neighborhood had records of babies as young as eight and nine, who had abandoned their primers to go and follow the whirling bobbins of the spinning-frames in these last two establishments. In addition to such desertions as were caused by the fascination of the mill over possible bread-winners, the school had lost twenty pupils, who preferred to go without an education rather than to be vaccinated, since in the State of Georgia vaccination is obligatory for all children who attend school, although there are no compulsory school laws.

There are, it is true, a number of "active" club women in Griffin, some even who are members of the National Child Labor Committee, but "what can one do when one's friends and one's husband have stock in the mills?"

To be sure, what can one do?

One can hardly be expected to give up one's own bread and butter, even for the sake of reformed legislation in regard to child labor! Certainly not; starvation is too great a sacrifice to ask of any one. But there is one concession that I would like to suggest.

I talked with a number of the "active club women." Not one of them, for the reasons above given, had ever been through one of the mills. Many of them, nevertheless, were mothers themselves. All I wish to propose is that they stand some morning, at twenty minutes to six o'clock, before one of the mill gates, and that they watch the little laborers who come, toil-worn already at dawn, weary, hungry, over-strained, courageous, heroic, ready to take up once more, in exchange for a miserable and insufficient pittance, the burden of labor which is slowly killing them. Watch them, those of you who have children yourselves; follow them in your thoughts during the long, long hours of the day; think of their unremitting effort, think of their exhaustion, their fitful longing to rest or play, their craving for something good to eat; be haunted by them, as you are bound to be if once you have seen their appealing eyes gaze at you from out their pale, bloated brows. Admit the truth about them for a day—I don't ask you to do it for any longer—and at night go again to the mill gate, and see for yourself that your nightmare is a reality, grasp once and for all what the desperate misery of these children is; and thereafter the bread they earn for you will, I doubt not, stick in your throats; it will seem to you that the very snowy flour with which it is made must be flecked with scarlet. Yes, for the price of it has been paid in the life-blood of the children!


Came upon a Group in One of the Mill House-Yards

Then return to your next club meeting, and ask each other what the First and the Greatest of those who have pled for little children meant when He said:

"Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell."

Most of the mill towns in Georgia and Alabama have sprung up during the last ten years, and they have at least the advantage of being comparatively new. Columbus is an exception to the rule. The vast mills which make it one of the largest industrial centres in the South were, as long ago as the War, some of them already huddled along the arid banks of the broad and stony Chattahoochee River, the border line at this juncture between the two States. But new improvements, vast modern additions, have been added little by little to the original nucleus, until Columbus has come to resemble an old piece of cloth upon whose selvedge the looms have again begun to weave.

Easy as is the approach to the "mill folk" in a little village, so is it difficult in the larger cities. Provided with no letter of any sort, I took to the street as the most hopeful meeting-ground, and bending my steps in the general direction of some large mills I soon came across a kind-looking man of whom I asked, by way of introduction, the name of the superintendent. He gave it to me promptly, and then, with a sideways nod toward the implacable mill walls, whose rows of windows looked down on us like so many staring eyes, he said:

"I worked in there myself for thirty years. As long as you can work they'll give you somethin' to do, but when you're played out you're played out, and that's all there is abeout it."

We spoke of the wages and the possibility of saving, and he volunteered in his frank, honest way:

"It's abeout all a man can do to raise a family on mill wages, much less put anything aside. The trouble with the mill is that you can't never rise much; you're earnin' as much at fifteen or twenty years old as you will be at forty."

"Why did you never try something else?" I asked.

"Once you're in the mill," he answered solemnly, "you get an idea you can't make a living any other way, and you don't dare quit."

Thirty years' service! I thought of this lifetime spent in the hard, persistent toil, day after day, year after year. He was one of the troop that earn "too much to die, and not enough to live"; his lot was cast with those who have nothing to show for their toil except the fact that they have not starved to death!

As though his thoughts followed mine, he said, almost apologetically:

"You know the mill appetite ain't like any other in the world. You can only eat what you've a fancy for, and you sure do spend more money that-a-way. Why," he continued, "you can be so hungry in the mill that you're just sick, and when you get your dinner you can't eat it. It seems like it had no taste."

Two of the mills in this place have built a kindergarten, where women busy at the mills can place their children during at least a half of the day; and for the pupils "over seven" there is a dilapidated, deplorable old schoolhouse, where classes are held in an irregular fashion, and at odd hours, to accommodate that part of the youthful population which belongs to the brigade known as "dinner toters." Gradually, toward eleven o'clock, the children in these mill schools slip stealthily, one by one, from the benches where they are supposed to pursue their studies. They thump down the schoolhouse steps in groups and, once free, they set out for home with that conscientious importance that little people have when responsibility is put upon them.

When at last the noon hour strikes the mill gate looks like the portal of a fortress being stormed by a Lilliputian throng, each and all armed with a dinner basket, which he must pass within to the beleaguered forces.

Oh, pitiful multitude! The old and the young stand side by side; those who are waiting the moment to make an offering of their strength on the altar of toil, and those whose energy is spent and who are reduced to these childlike tasks, which they perform with an eagerness touching in all that it implies of their longing still to be of use. Pitiful, tragic multitude of old men and babies—the "waste material," the "remnants" which the mill cannot suck into its deadly clutch—they wait, huddled together on the mill threshold, with one common purpose: to feed the breadwinners.

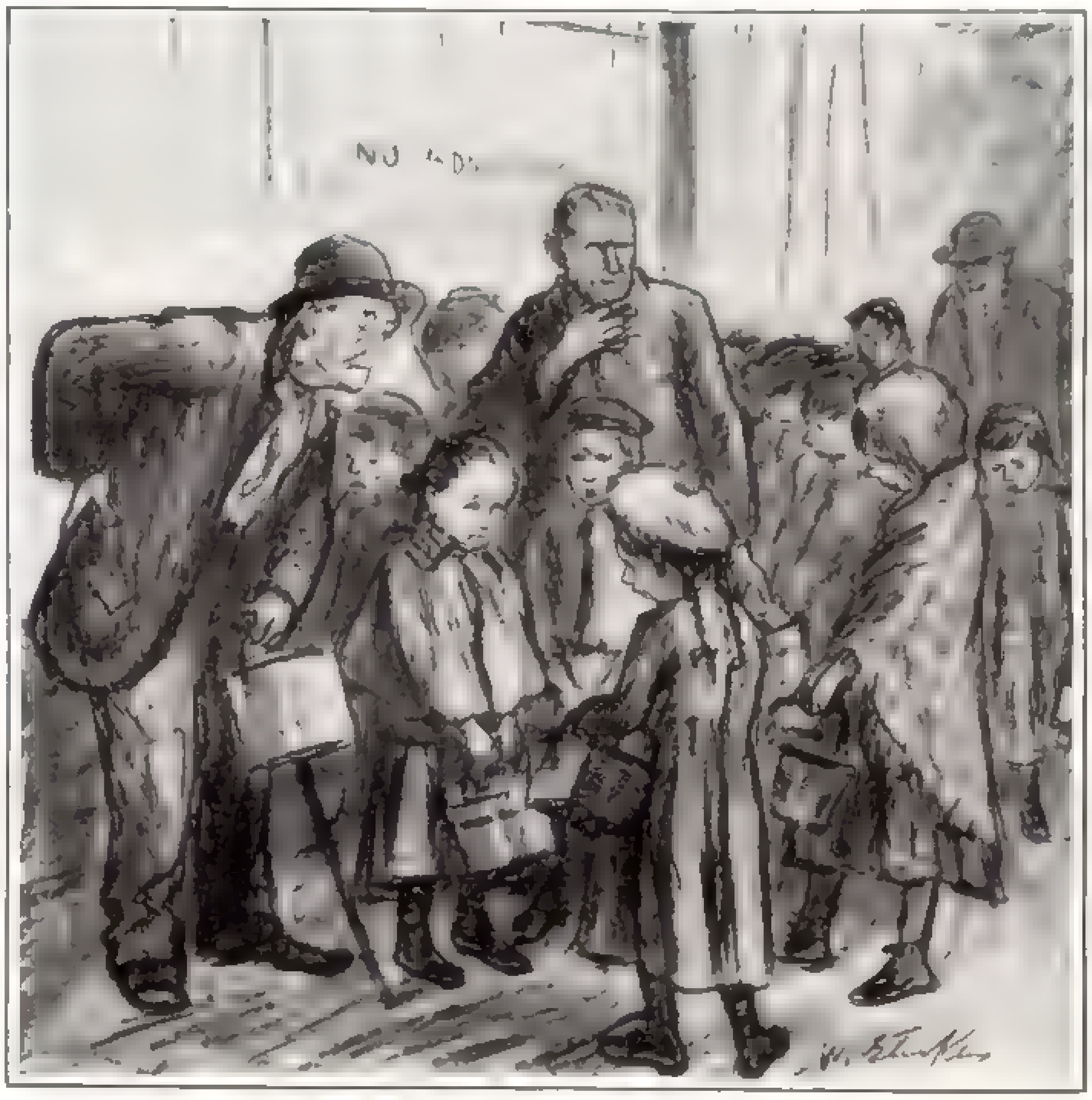
Oh, you who eat daily of every luxury that the land affords, think of this band who begin and end their patient, terrible lives as "dinner toters." When they have delivered the little baskets that hang on their arms, don't fancy that they speed home themselves to partake of some hot, wholesome dish. No, no! They linger, hungry no doubt, expectant; and when the toiler, the mill hand, has eaten what he can of the dinner that "seems like it had no taste," they gather up the crumbs which are to make their own repast, and, shouldering once more their burden, they set out again, walking sometimes a distance of over a mile before they can at last partake, second-hand, of the meal which has already nourished a laborer.

Toward two o'clock the children are free to go back and take up their studies!

Who could see them, this earnest, weary throng, indifferent to their own welfare, intent upon the comfort of another, submissive to privation, depleted, uncomplaining—who could see them and not long to establish in the immediate neighborhood of such mills first-rate eating-houses where, for cost price, the laborer could find wholesome, clean food prepared to stimulate the "mill appetite," and to replenish his wasted energy?

I knew a rich family in New York who, during Lent one year, determined to make the sacrifice (great, no doubt, for the gourmand's palate) of all sweets furnished by the confectioner. In a month there was an economy of eighty dollars set aside. With eighty dollars a restaurant could be started in Columbus, and with a few more equal sums a system of proper eating could be established in an entire community.

Actually, what is the position of these people?



The Old and the Young Stand Side by Side

Having put to myself this question, I wandered on into the settlements which stretch along the dreary banks of the Chattahoochee. The day was warm; doors and windows stood open. Before the gate of a tiny yard I paused presently, struck by the appearance of the woman and the two children who were seated in rocking-chairs on the porch. Some deadly wind, it would have seemed, had breathed upon them. Yet, at my word of greeting, they responded with the habitual courteous invitation to "come in and rest." Is it not indicative that, in this whole region, the first proposition hospitality makes is a bidding to *rest?*

Easily, as always, when work is the topic, we fell into conversation. The mother was tall and broad-shouldered, having an appearance of vigor that tallied ill with her droning voice and listless manner.

"I've got a boy of twelve in the mill," she said, "and my husband—that's two. You get your house rent for $1.15 a week if you've got three hands in the mill. They charge you more if you've got only two, and still more if you've only one."

"Neither of these work?" I asked, nodding toward the two little girls.

"They want the oldest one," the mother responded; "she's eleavun and they're after her, but she's too sick neow, I reckon."

I looked at "her." Pale to ghastliness, she lay, languorous, indifferent, her head resting against the back of the rocker, her feet on the railing of the veranda.

They were "after her." They wanted her "deown't the mill." No doubt they did. Only they had started too late in their conquest of this additional hand. Already the Great Adversary had his clutches upon her; he was disputing her, mercifully, with those who sought a more lingering termination to the earthly existence of this little pilgrim. Like the delicate shadows that fade at the approach of twilight, she was going gradually out as the night drew nigh.

The mother talked on.

"We've been in Texas," she said. "We wuz sick with the fever abeout the whole time. 'Most everybody is, deown there."

As she elaborated upon the forms of disease which the Texan climate provokes, the second child had settled herself upon the doorsteps and had begun to rub her bare ankles, which were encircled with a band of angry-looking sores. Presently she reached up toward the complacent, weary mother, who, without interrupting her narrative, handed the child a pin, with which she proceeded to probe the succession of wounds on her foot.

Instinctively I exclaimed:

"Oh, don't! You mustn't!"

But the mother, tranquil, responded:

"She-all has to do that to get the corruption out. It's only Texas rust she has; that's nothing much——"

And to my further protestations she again went on:

"Why, there's some parts of Texas where you can't raise children at all; the lime there just eats their feet right off."

Beyond the door, which was ajar on to the porch, I could see the miserable interior: the kitchen with its evident outlet upon a filthy back yard; the two wretched bedrooms which six ailing people hired for a trifle less because two of them worked from dark morning until dark night, day after day. Perhaps the woman divined what was in my thoughts, and resented my inward pity; perhaps she was only recalling the "corruption" of Texas, for she said, as I got up to leave:

"I tell you, there's heaps o' worse places than this here."

In the street again I stopped to question two boys who were intent upon the construction of a mud house. One of them, aged eleven, was an old mill hand who had "quit" because they "cut him down"; the other child, only seven years old, had stopped school because his mother needed him at home. At my suggestion, we crowned the mud house with an improvised flag, and, having thus led up to the question of patriotism, I asked:

"What does the flag mean, boys?"

Like a flash the child of seven answered:

"It means there's smallpox in the heouse."

Farther along the road I stopped again before a veranda where there were two women chewing snuff sticks and one rocking a young baby to sleep. The group was no exception to others I had already studied; neither in Georgia nor in Alabama did I ever see one of these women with a bit of crocheting or knitting or mending in her hand. Occasionally some rather fancy garment is "run up" on the machine; but aside from this the "ready made" triumphs, and when it is worn out they throw it away and buy something new in its place.

Yet the idleness of these women on the veranda at Columbus, which appeared at first incomprehensible, became gradually associated in my mind with their physical exhaustion. After sitting for a time with them, listening to their monotonous conversation, something of their very listlessness communicated itself, fatally. Depleted as their strength was, it seemed only too natural that they should feel unequal to the task of mending their own clothes, much less to that of making new ones for their children.

In the yard there were several tiny members of the community playing with a hatchet, which was apparently their only toy. Addressing an emaciated boy who had joined the babies engaged in wielding this dubious weapon, I asked:

"How old are you?"

He twisted his wiry body about, and answered, smiling:

"I'm fourteen, but I'm older'n I'm any good, for I've been workin' four years in't the mill."

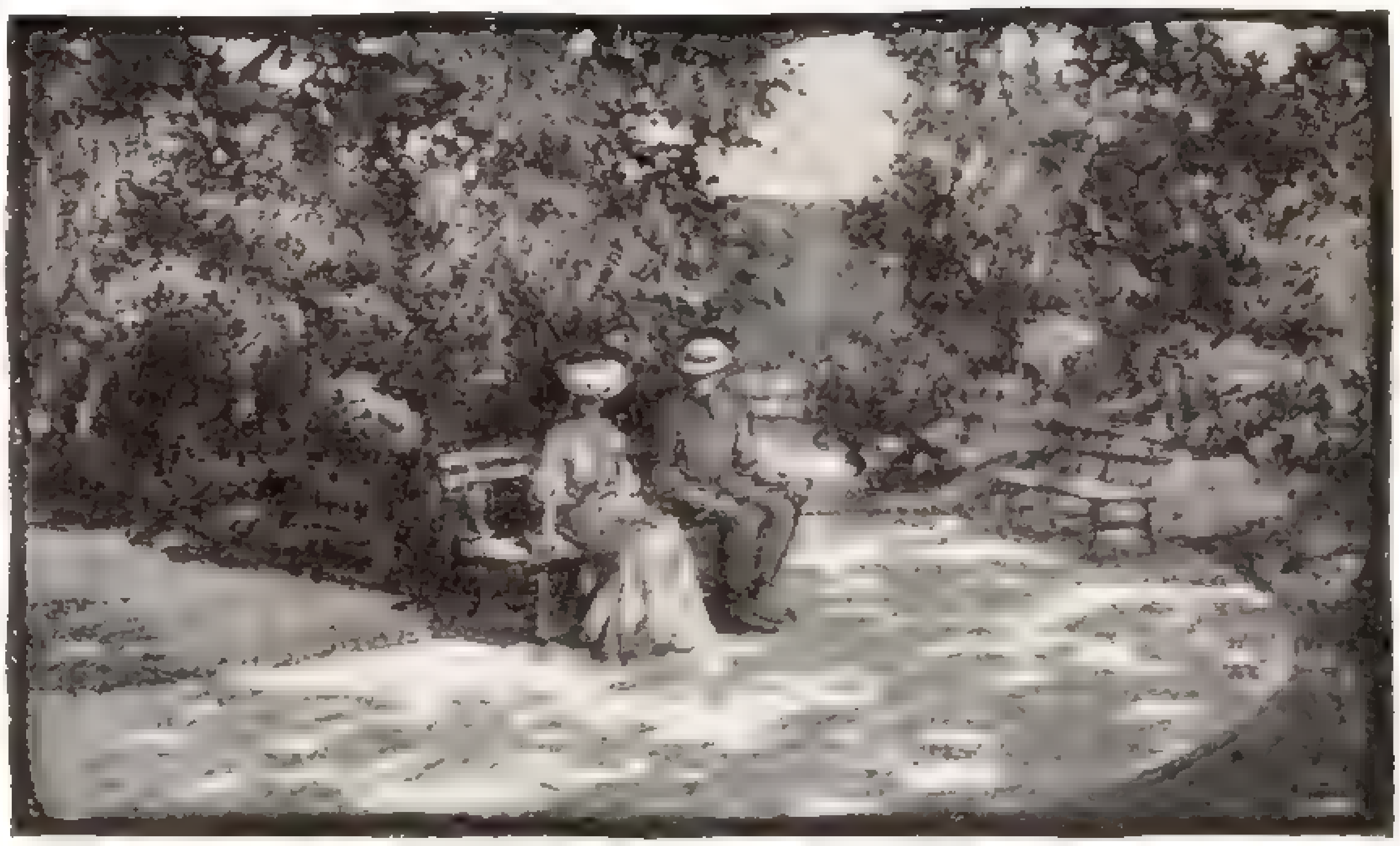
His brother, almost as large and far more healthy looking, was only ten years old, but, the mother explained, he had never been at work.

"He's just begun dinner-toting," she added.

Here, as everywhere in the Southern mills, there is a migratory population. At two of the factories, in order to keep a regular average of 1800 hands, they are obliged to register as many as 5000 employees in a year.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE CASE OF MR. CARDEN



BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

III

WHEN Rosalind Hollis found herself on her feet again a slight sensation of fright checked her for a moment. Then, resolutely suppressing such unworthy weakness, the lofty inspiration of her mission in life dominated her, and she stepped forward undaunted. And Carden, seeing her advance toward him, arose in astonishment to meet her.

For a second they stood facing one another, he astounded, she a trifle pale but firm. Then in a low voice she asked his pardon for disturbing him.

"I am Rosalind Hollis, a physician," she said quietly, "and physicians are sometimes obliged to do difficult things in the interest of their profession. It is dreadfully difficult for me to speak to you in this way. But," she looked fearlessly at him, "I am confident you will not misinterpret what I have done."

He managed to assure her that he did not misinterpret it.

She regarded him steadily; she examined the dark circles under his eyes; she coolly observed his rising color under her calm inspection; she saw him fidgeting with his walking-stick. She *must* try his pulse!

"Would you mind if I asked you a few questions in the interest of science?" she said earnestly.

"As a m-m-matter of fact," he stammered, "I don't know much about science. Awfully glad to do anything I can, you know."

"Oh, I don't mean it that way," she reassured him. A hint of a smile tinted her eyes with brilliant amethyst. "Would you mind if I sat here for a few moments? *Could* you overlook this horrid unconventionality long enough for me to explain why I have spoken to you?"

"I could, indeed!" he said, so anxiously cordial that her lovely face grew serious and she hesitated. But he was standing aside, hat off, placing the bench at her disposal, and she seated herself, laying her book on the bench beside her.

"Would you mind sitting here for a few moments?" she asked him gravely.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses, he took possession of the end of the bench with the silent obedience of a schoolboy. His attitude was irreproachable. She was grateful for this, and her satisfaction with herself for not having misjudged him renewed her confidence in him, in herself, and in the difficult situation.

She began, quietly, by again telling him her name and profession, where she lived, and that she was studying to be a specialist, though she did not intimate what that specialty was to be.

Outwardly composed and attentively deferential, his astonishment at times dominated a stronger sentiment that seemed to grow and expand with her every word, seizing him in a fierce possession absolutely and hopelessly complete.

The bewildering fascination of her mastered him. No cool analysis of what his senses were confirming could be necessary to convince him of his condition. Every word of her, every gesture, every inflection of her sweet, clear voice, every lifting of her head, her eyes, her perfectly gloved hands only repeated to him what he knew was a certainty. Never had he looked upon such physical loveliness; never had he dreamed of such a voice.

She had asked him a question, and, absorbed in the pure delight of looking at her, he had not comprehended or answered. She flushed sensitively, accepting his silence as refusal, and he came out of his trance hastily:

"I beg your pardon; I did not quite understand your question, Miss Hollis—I mean, Doctor Hollis."

"I asked you if you minded my noting your pulse," she said.

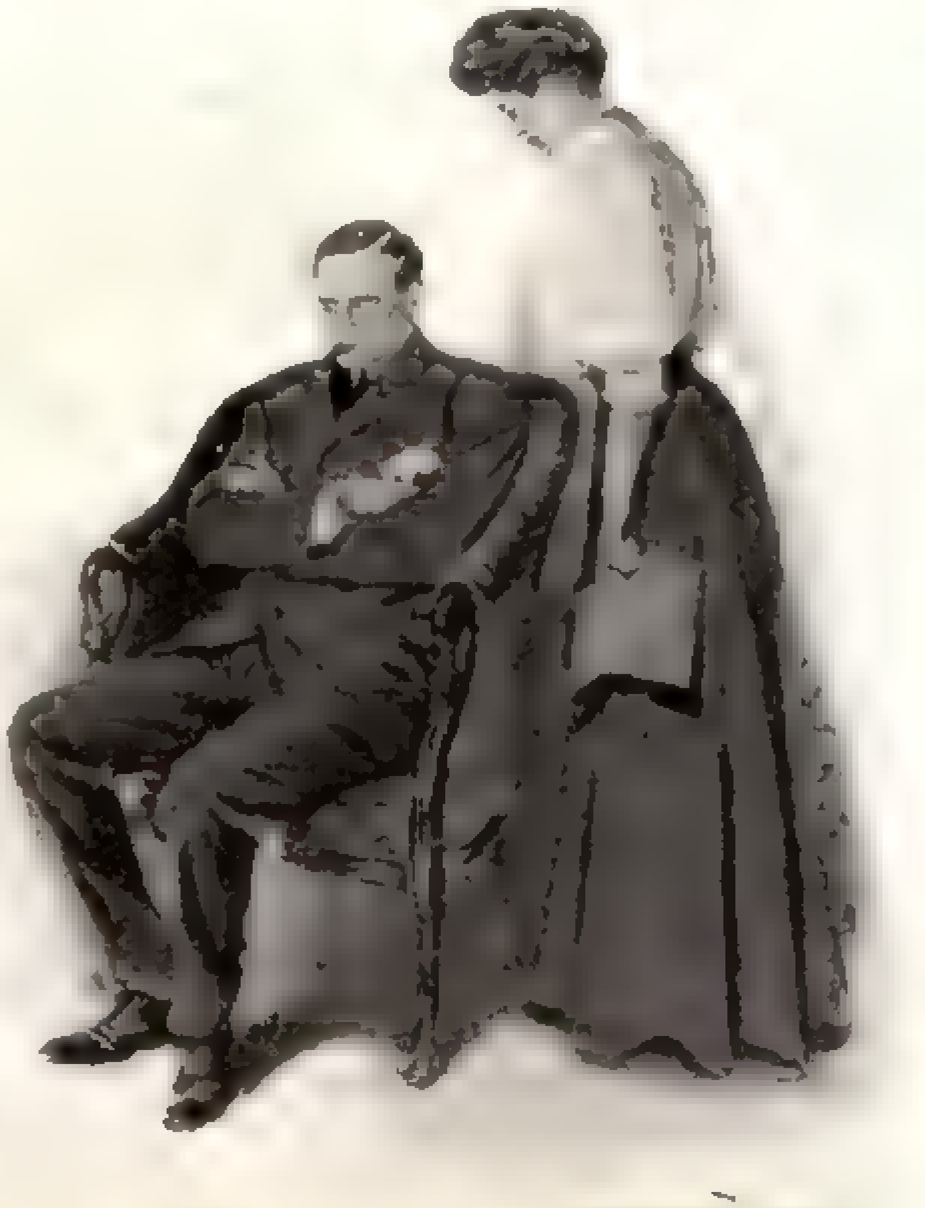
He stretched out his right hand; she stripped off her glove, laid the tip of her finger on his wrist, and glanced down at the gold watch which she held.

"I am wondering," he said, laughing uncertainly, "whether you believe me to be ill. Of course it is easy to see that you have found something unusual about me—something of particular interest to a physician. Is there anything very dreadful going to happen to me, Doctor Hollis? I feel perfectly well."

"Are you sure you feel well?" she asked, so earnestly that the smile on his lips faded out.

"Absolutely. Is my pulse queer?"

"It is not normal."



"I Know it," She Said Soothingly; "These Sentimental Outbursts are Part of the Disease"

He could easily account for that, but he said nothing.

She questioned him for a few minutes, noted his pulse again, looked closely at the bluish circles under his eyes. Naturally he flushed up and grew restless under the calm, grave, beautiful eyes.

"I—I have an absolutely new and carefully-sterilized thermometer——" She drew it from a tiny gold-initialed pocket-case, and looked wistfully at him.

"You want to put that into my mouth?" he asked, astonished.

"If you don't mind."

She held it up, shook it once or twice, and deliberately inserted it between his lips. And there he sat, round-eyed, silent, the end of the thermometer protruding at a rakish angle from the corner of his mouth. And he grew redder and redder.

"I *don't* wish to alarm you," she was saying, "but all this is so deeply significant, so full of vital interest to me—to the world, to science——"

"*What* have I got, in Heaven's name?" he said thickly, the thermometer wiggling in his mouth.

"Ah," she exclaimed with soft enthusiasm, clasping her pretty, ungloved hands, "I cannot be sure yet—I dare not be too sanguine——"

"Do you mean that you *want* me to have something queer?" he blurted out, while the thermometer wiggled with every word he uttered.

"N-no, of course I don't *want* you to be ill," she said hastily. "Only, if you *are* ill it will be a wonderful thing for me! I mean—a—that I am intensely interested in certain symptoms which——"

She gently withdrew the glass tube from his lips and examined it carefully.

"*Is* there anything the matter?" he insisted, looking at the instrument over her shoulder.

She did not reply; excitement rendered her speechless.

"I seem to *feel* all right," he added uneasily. "If you really believe that there's anything wrong with me, I'll stop in to see my doctor."

"Your doctor!" she repeated, appalled.

"Yes, certainly. Why not?"

"Don't do that! Please don't do that! I—why *I* discovered this case. I beg you most earnestly to let me observe it. You don't understand the importance of it! You don't begin to dream of the rarity of this case!—how much it means to me!"

He flushed up. "Do you intend to intimate that I am afflicted with some sort of rare and s-s-trange d-d-disease?" he stammered.

"I dare not pronounce upon it too confidently," she said with enthusiasm; "I have not yet absolutely determined the nature of the disease. But, oh, I am beginning to hope——"

"Then I *am* diseased!" he faltered. "I've got *something*, anyhow; is that it? Only you are not yet perfectly sure what it is called! Is that the truth, Miss Hollis?"

"How can I answer positively until I have had time to observe these symptoms? It requires time to be certain.

I do not wish to alarm you, but it is my duty to say to you that you should immediately place yourself under medical observation."

"You think that?"

"I do; I am convinced of it. Please understand me; I do not pronounce upon these visible symptoms; I do not express an unqualified opinion; but I could be in a position to do so if you consent to place yourself under my observation and care. For these suspicious symptoms are not only very plainly apparent to me, but were even noted by that old gentleman whom you may perhaps have observed conversing with me."

"Yes, I saw him. Who is he?"

"Dr. Austin Atwood," said the girl solemnly.

"Oh! And you say he also observed something queer about me? What did he see? Are there spots on me? Am I turning any remarkable color? Am I ——" And in the very midst of his genuine alarm he suddenly remembered the make-up box and what the Tracer of Lost Persons had done to his eyes. Was *that* it? Where was the Tracer, anyway? He had promised to appear. And then Carden recollected the gray wig and whiskers that the Tracer had waved at him from the cupboard, bidding him note them well. *Could* that beaming, benignant, tottering old gentleman have been the Tracer of Lost Persons himself? And the same instant Carden was sure of it, in spite of the miraculous change in the man.

Then logic came to his aid; and, deducing with care and patience, an earnest conviction grew within him that the dark circles under his eyes and the tottering old gentleman resembling Dr. Austin Atwood had a great deal to do with this dreadful disease which Doctor Hollis desired to study.

He looked at the charming girl beside him and she looked back at him very sweetly, very earnestly, awaiting his decision.

For a moment he realized that she had really scared him, and in the reaction of relief an overwhelming desire to laugh seized him. He managed to suppress it, to compose himself. Then he remembered the Tracer's admonition to acquiesce in everything, do what he was told to do, not to run away, and to pay his court at the first opportunity.

He had no longer any desire to escape; he was quite willing to do anything she desired.

"Do you really want to study me, Doctor Hollis?" he asked, feeling like a hypocrite.

"Indeed I do," she replied fervently.

"You believe me worth studying?"

"Oh, truly, truly, you are! You don't suspect—you cannot conceive how important you have suddenly become to me."

"Then I think you had better take my case, Doctor Hollis," he said seriously. "I begin now to realize that you believe me to be a sort of freak—an afflicted curiosity, and that, in the interest of medicine, I ought to go to an asylum or submit myself to the ceaseless observation of a competent private physician."

"I—I think it best for you to place yourself in my care," she said. "Will you?"

"Yes," he said, "I will. I'll do anything in the world you ask."

"That is very—very generous, very noble of you!" she exclaimed, flushing with excitement and delight. "It means a great deal to me—it means, perhaps, a fame that I scarcely dared dream of even in my most enthusiastic years. I am too grateful to express my gratitude coherently; I am trying to say to you that I thank you; that I recognize in you those broad, liberal, generous qualities which, from your appearance and bearing, I—I thought perhaps you must possess."

She colored again very prettily; he bowed, and ventured to remind her that she had not yet given him the privilege of naming himself.

"That is true!" she said, surprised. "I had quite forgotten it." But when he named himself she raised her head, startled.

"Victor Carden!" she repeated. "You are the *artist*, Victor Carden!"

"Yes," he said, watching her dilated eyes like two violet-tinted jewels.

For a minute she sat looking at him; and imperceptibly a change came into her face, and its bewildering beauty softened as the vivid tints died out leaving her cheeks almost pale.

"It is—a pity," she said under her breath. All the excitement, all the latent triumph, all the scarcely-veiled, eager enthusiasm had gone from her now.

"A pity?" he repeated, smiling.

"Yes. I wish it had been only an ordinary man. I—why should this happen to you? You have done so much for us all—made us forget ourselves in the beauty of what you offer us. Why should this happen to *you!*"

"But you have not told me yet what has happened to me, Miss Hollis."

She looked up, almost frightened.

"*Are* you our Victor Carden? I do not wish to believe it! You have done so much for the world—you have taught us to understand and desire all that is noble and upright and clean and beautiful!—to desire it, to aspire toward it, to venture to live the good, true, wholesome lives that your penciled creations must lead—*must* lead to wear such beautiful bodies and such divine eyes!"

"Do *you* care for my work?" he asked, astonished and moved.

"I? Yes, of course I do. Who does not?"

"Many," he replied simply.

"I am sorry for them," she said.

They sat silent for a long while.

At first his overwhelming desire was to tell her of the deception practiced upon her; but he could not do that, because in exposing himself he must fail in loyalty to the Tracer of Lost Persons. Besides, she would not believe him. She would think him mad if he told her that the old gentleman she had taken for Doctor Atwood was probably Mr. Keen, the Tracer of Lost Persons. Also, he himself was not absolutely certain about it. He had merely deduced as much.

"Tell me," he said very gently, "what is the malady from which you believe I am suffering?"

For a moment she remained silent, then, face averted, laid her finger on the book beside her.

"That," she said unsteadily.

He read aloud: "Lamour's Disease. A Treatise in sixteen volumes by Ero S. Lamour, M. D., M. S., F. B. A., M. F. H."

"All that?" he asked guiltily.

"I don't know, Mr. Carden. Are you laughing at me? Do you not believe me?" She had turned suddenly to confront him, surprising a humorous glimmer in his eyes.

"I really do not believe I am seriously ill," he said, laughing in spite of her grave eyes.

"Then perhaps you had better read a little about what Lamour describes as the symptoms of this malady," she said sadly.

"Is it fatal?" he inquired.

"Ultimately. That is why I desire to spend my life in studying means to combat it. That is why I desire you so earnestly to place yourself under my observation and let me try."

"Tell me one thing," he said; "is it contagious? Is it infectious? No? Then I don't mind your studying me all you wish, Doctor Hollis. You may take my temperature every ten minutes if you care to. You may observe my pulse every five minutes if you desire. Only please tell me how this is to be accomplished; because you see I live in the Sherwood Studio Building, and you live on Madison Avenue."

"I—I have a ward—a room—fitted up with every modern surgical device—every improvement," she said. "It adjoins my office. *Would* you mind living there for a while—say for a week at first—until I can be perfectly certain in my diagnosis?"

"Do you intend to put me to bed?" he asked, appalled.

"Oh, no! Only I wish to watch you carefully and note your symptoms from moment to moment. I also desire to try the effects of certain medicines on you——"

"What kind of medicines?" he asked uneasily.

"I cannot tell yet. Perhaps anti-toxine; I don't know; perhaps formaline later. Truly, Mr. Carden, this case has taken on a graver, a more intimate significance since I have learned who you are. I would have worked hard to save any life; I shall put my very heart and soul into my work to save you, who have done so much for us all."

The trace of innocent emotion in her voice moved him.

"I am really not ill," he said unsteadily. "I cannot let you think I am——"

"Don't speak that way, Mr. Carden. I—I am perfectly miserable over it; I don't feel any happiness in my discovery now—not the least bit. I had rather live my entire life without seeing one case of Lamour's Disease than to believe you are afflicted with it."

"But I'm not, Miss Hollis!—really, I am not——"

She looked at him compassionately for a moment, then rose.

"It is best that you should be informed as to your probable condition," she said. "In Lamour's works, volume nine, you had better read exactly what Lamour says. Do you mind coming to the office with me, Mr. Carden?"

"Now?"

"Yes. The book is there. Do you mind coming?"

"No—no, of course not." And, as they turned away together under the trees: "You don't intend to begin observing me this afternoon, do you?" he ventured.

"I think it best, if you can arrange your affairs. Can you, Mr. Carden?"

"Why, yes, I suppose I can. Did you mean for me to begin to occupy that surgical bedroom at once?"

"Do you mind?"

"N-no. I'll telephone my servants to pack a steamer-trunk and send it around to your apartment this evening. And—where am I to board?"

"I have a dining-room," she said simply. "My apartment consists of the usual number of servants and rooms including my office, and my observation ward which you will occupy."

He walked on, troubled.

"I only w-want to ask one or two things, Doctor Hollis. Am I to be placed on a diet? I hate diets."

"Not at once."

"May I smoke?"

"Certainly," she said, smiling.

"And you won't p-put me—send me to bed too early?"

"Oh, no! The later you sit up the better, because I shall wish to take your temperature every ten minutes and I shall feel very sorry to arouse you."

"You mean you are coming in to wake me up every ten minutes and put that tube in my mouth!" he asked, aghast.

"Only every half-hour, Mr. Carden. Can't you stand it for a week?"

"Well," he said, "I—I suppose I can if *you* can. Only, upon my honor, there is really nothing the matter with me, and I'll prove it to you out of your own book."

"I wish you could, Mr. Carden. I should be only too happy to give you back to the world with a clear bill of health if you can convince me I am wrong. Do you not believe me? Indeed, indeed, I am not selfish and wicked enough to wish you this illness, no matter how rare it is!"

"The rarer a disease is the madder it makes people who contract it," he said. "I should be the maddest man in Manhattan if I really did have Lamour's malady. But I haven't. There is only one malady afflicting me, and I am waiting for a suitable opportunity to tell you all about it."

"Tell me now?" she said, raising her eyes to his.

"Not now."

"To-night?"

"I hope so. I will if I can, Miss Hollis."

"But you must not fear to tell a physician about anything which troubles you, Mr. Carden."

"I'll remember that," he said thoughtfully, as they emerged from the Park and crossed to Madison Avenue.

A moment later he hailed a car and they both entered.

IV

NO, THERE could be no longer any doubt in her mind as she went into her bedroom, closed the door, and, unhooking the telephone receiver, called up the great specialist in rare diseases, Dr. Austin Atwood, M. S., F. B. A., M. F. H.

"Doctor Atwood," she said with scarcely concealed emotion, "this is Dr. Rosalind Hollis."

"How—de—do?" squeaked the aged specialist amiably.

"Oh, I am well enough, thank you, Doctor—except in spirits. Doctor Atwood, you were right! He *has* got it, and I am perfectly wretched!"

"*Who* has got *what!*" retorted the voice of Atwood.

"The unfortunate young gentleman we saw to-day in the Park——"

"What park?"

"Why, Central Park, Doctor——"

(Continued on Page [illegible])

THE GIRL WHO USED TO BE

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

"Here's an end to loving; here we part," you say;
"Life, the cruel master, has to have his way.
We have had our pleasant vision, you and I—
Now the daylight calls me: I must say good-by."

Glib your tongue to frame it; every phrase is pat;
You have poise, but I—well, I can't envy that.
Take your freedom with you; give the world its due—
Life may have, and welcome, that which now is you.

Nay, you do not wrong me; what you have is yours—
What I have you cannot take: that at least endures.
They will gain a woman beautiful to see:
I shall keep forever the girl who used to be.

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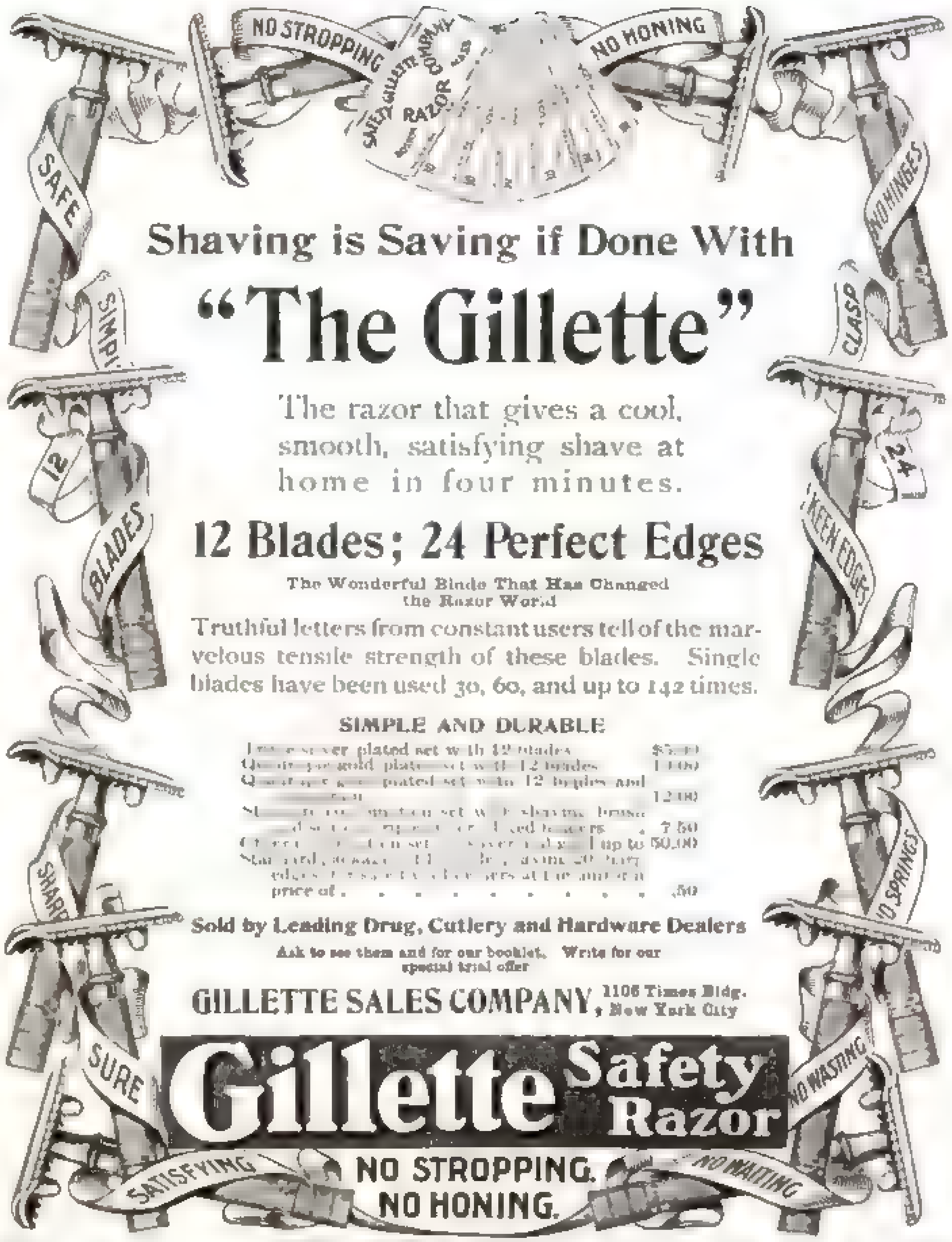
THE NEW PROFESSION

By Jas. H. Collins

THE privilege of signing his articles is a real asset to the writer who works for wages, because it means reputation and increased demand. Some of the men who for years have written influential editorials in daily papers are unknown to the public. Much of the pith and point in news articles that sell a paper like the New York Sun is injected by that obscure hack, the "rewrite man." Trade journals offer almost as wide opportunities for signed work as the magazines, and the staff member or outside contributor who has something to say soon becomes known to an audience small in numbers, but widely scattered and embracing the leaders in a given industry. Good work has, in many instances, led to fine business connections. Again, for a newspaper or magazine worker to even hope that he may one day own or control a daily journal or monthly periodical is unreasonable in these times of special franchises and publishing properties valued at millions. In the trade-journal field, though, development of great properties and the monopoly of available fields has made but slight progress. Some of the important industries still await their special periodicals, while in others there are opportunities to take hold of indifferent publications and build them into profitable properties simply by making them efficient. Furthermore, while a certain trade or industry may be well served by a journal that covers its general aspects, the nature of almost every special field is such that other publications may take up restricted departments, treating them with a thoroughness not possible to the general periodical. For the trade-journal writer or editor to hope that he may possess a publication of his own is an entirely reasonable ambition, and one that has been realized by many such workers.

Trade journalism offers fair opportunities to the free-lance writer. Competition is not so keen as in newspaper and magazine markets, and once the point of view of a technical field has been grasped it is possible to develop a wide and constant market among several publications of the same character, working first-hand for those in New York and corresponding with others out of town. News gathered for one journal is often syndicated to several by the same writer, correspondence in some cases going to trade journals in England and Europe. Some months ago the editor of a New York technical journal became interested in an Englishman who occasionally called on him for information concerning business houses in the trade with which he was familiar. Acquaintance ripened, and an invitation to dine in the editor's comfortable home in the suburbs followed. It was then the Englishman's turn to entertain, and he did so, dining the editor in a city apartment that indicated an income not much under $10,000. The Briton explained that he was a trade-journal correspondent who had lived two years in New York, deriving his income from short articles about American business houses and manufacturing methods, syndicated to about fifty British and Continental technical publications. The literary man-of-all-work, centred upon Park Row and Union Square, is usually surprised when his attention is directed to the trade-journal field to learn how ready is payment for very ordinary matter, and how different the usages. Some of the better-known trade journals have adopted printed rejection slips, but from others out of the beaten track will come, upon receipt of a manuscript from the pot-hunting poet, a courteous note stating that his valued favor, the poem on The Age of Steel, has been received, and that it will be submitted to the trade journal's board of managers for their consideration. Later there follows another, stating that the board of managers has decided to accept the poem, and that the poet may put in his bill forthwith. And if this field has opportunities for the free-lance, and the newspaper man trained in editorial work and reporting, it offers still better chances to the youngster who will take a technical course, followed by a year in shops and factories, with the engineering, mining, electrical and other highly specialized publications in view. These are prohibited territory to the general writer.



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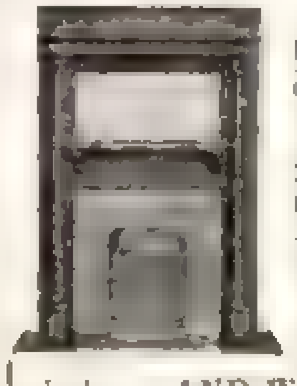

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Fast colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, [illegible] Pearl, and Navy Blue. Sizes [illegible] 12. The most comfortable sock for spring and summer wear.

Egyptian Cotton (medium or light weight), sold only in boxes [illegible] six months guarantee ticket with each pair $1.50

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Fast colors:—Black, Black legs with white feet, and Tan. Sizes 8 to 11. Extra reinforced garter tops.

Egyptian Cotton, sold only in boxes containing six pairs of one size [illegible] six months guarantee with each pair. Price $2.00

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Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. But if you have the least difficulty in obtaining them we will supply you direct upon receipt of price. We pay all shipping charges. Don't let some dishonest dealer tell you that some other hosiery on which his profit is larger is just as good. Insist on Holeproof—if your dealer won't supply you, we will.

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Send for our book, [illegible] Free

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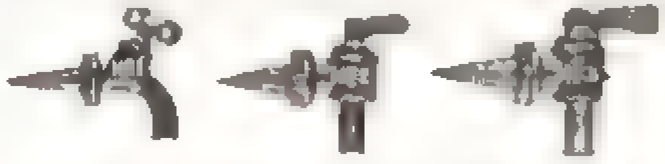

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Besides the steady market for articles, widening as experience is gained, the trade-journal writer has the resource of technical books. This is a field he is destined to enter eventually, for the material he gathers for articles naturally takes the form of more extended treatises as it is digested and arranged mentally. And to the man of ability this field is likely to be highly profitable. Works on technical subjects are, first of all, of the kind that the general publisher classes as "list" books, which become staple and sell year after year until something better displaces them. Then, technical books sell for higher prices than general works, and bring higher royalties. Nor is the market for a treatise on gas engines or mechanical movements in the least restricted; it may be wider than that for many of the "how to" books that a general publisher finds profitable. And of good technical books there is never a glut. The slightest manual covering some vital point in trade, or mechanics, or business system may have a sale far beyond its bulk and often beyond its merit, and long hold a place as a standard work simply because nothing better has been written. When the drummer and the shop-boy compile works to fill a gap in trade knowledge the results are ofttimes humorous. In the conduct of a musical instrument house the need of a ready manual on the violin was felt. A young reporter on a trade journal undertook to compile one. Hart's standard work on the violin was the labor of love of a lifetime, and in his preface the author confesses he has touched but superficially upon this stupendous subject. The young reporter's treatise, however, was written in a week.

Granting that trade journalism offers a stable, well-paid livelihood to the writer who works for wages—what does it offer to him who has talent, and who labors at tasks that bring wages so that ultimately he may devote himself to creations that bring small material rewards? This is always a question that the individual must answer for himself, but it may be said for trade journalism that it makes lighter demands upon a writer's energies than newspaper writing. The pace is saner. Virtually all the writer produces is transcription of information gathered from day to day. He writes little out of himself, and therefore makes no drafts upon his creative powers. Perfunctory shaping and reporting of technical information are more likely to teach him the art of writing than daily newspaper work. As a final consideration, he moves in the industrial atmosphere that is held to be most typical of present-day American life, and instead of slight contact that a newspaper's shifting background affords, becomes part of an environment that is lasting, and has opportunities to study its characters and development. He is paid for his practice work, and has the satisfaction of knowing that, while the value of indifferent newspaper and magazine writing to readers is questionable, and bad fiction may be downright immoral, even a mediocre trade-journal article is tools to somebody, if it gives information. The trade-journal writer who reaches the mature age when the majority of sound writing is produced ought to, if he have an unmistakable gift, be in possession of both material and facility for permanent work. The author of An Essay on Projects was a trade journalist in his methods. His numerous pamphlets were as likely to deal with a trade subject as a political. He crowned his life with Robinson Crusoe, a work that draws strength from literal reporting and technical accuracy. Despite the enormous labor of that other trade journalist, Diderot, on his encyclopædia, he found energy enough left over for dramas, criticism and philosophy. And to come nearer home, the first of our own writers, and still one of the most distinctively American, was a trade journalist in the use he made of pamphlets on technical matters and projects for the public's material good. For, after the autobiography and the almanac have been excepted, the mass of Benjamin Franklin's writings is a collection of scientific and technical papers in which the trade-journal tone predominates. The desire to use this medium for practical ends led their author to study the craft of writing, and the steady drill of such writing developed that pungent clarity which gives him the thing so uncompromisingly sought by the procession of tyros that yearly pours into New York—a place in literature.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles, the first of which appeared in last week's issue.

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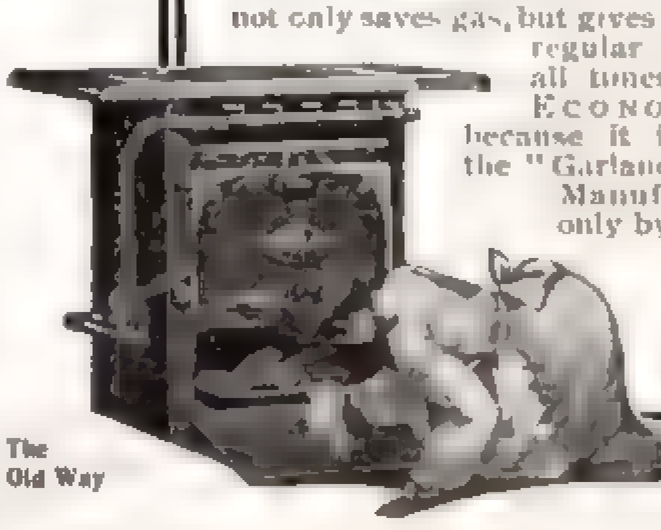

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It holds the sock in place, firmly & smoothly, & lessens the strain on the garter band, so it cannot bind or slip You've never worn garters so delightfully comfortable.

Rather than take another kind, send 25c. for a pair to us—but most stores have them.

Ball Bearing Garters and President Suspenders in a combination box for 75c.

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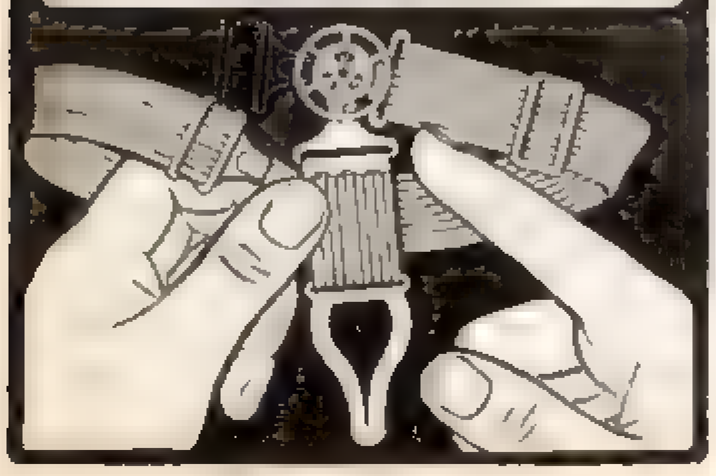

THE SENATOR'S PRICE

(Concluded from Page 11)

for Russian goats. How those infernal goats would range up and down the deriding newspaper columns!

The face of the world expanded in one huge, intolerable grin. Mantle paced the shabby sitting-room in the family hotel. He had locked the door. His dry eyes burned and from time to time he wetted his lips. He deserved sympathy, for he was under the most dreadful trial that could be put upon him. Against any other enemy he might have summoned up some defense. But ridicule—universal and remorseless derision! The thought of it searched him through and through. He would have quailed less at the rack than at the cap and bells which Fate was calmly, inexorably preparing to invest him with. He had gone over and over it a hundred times. Plainly, the correspondents had no heroic notion of sacrificing themselves for him. There was nothing in sight to save him. So he thought of suicide.

Mantle stopped in his pacing, looked blindly at the grate, slowly clasping and unclasping his feverish, muscular hands. To commit suicide one must have pistol, poison or rope. He had locked himself in—the sharp click of the bolt in a dead silence thrilling his nerves. But he had provided no means of shuffling off the coil. Perhaps that was why he realized now, as he stared into the ashy litter, that his suicide motive was histrionic merely; that, finally, he really had no stomach for it. He felt, obscurely, that this was the ultimate test; that, more than anything else, his failure here gave him his own measure. For once in his life he saw himself bare; he stepped, so to speak, behind the painted scenery of his own mind; and it was a rather meagre, tattered, poverty-stricken man who picked up the black slouch hat, which constituted Senator Mantle's trade-mark.

Senator Pilger's ample, enduring façade of Roman brick looked down indifferently upon the momentarily famous slouch hat. The indifference of the footman at the door seemed slightly tinged with suspicion—at which, and at a glimpse of the marbles within, Mantle mysteriously relapsed to an earlier state, when even old Peter Dillingham's red brocade had seemed to call him a beggar and cast him out. For a moment he suffered a sickening fear that he would be turned away like a tramp. The mention of his name and title wrought electrically upon the servant, however.

It was late when he again crossed the portico, outward bound. He stepped with nervous energy, and—what was very rare—he was smoking a cigar. He glanced back at the costly pile as at a friend. Pilger had been magnificent. The old chap had imposed no terms whatever; had never mentioned anything like a bargain; had simply laughed a little over the story with a mellow, tolerant humor, and said that, under the circumstances, it was evidently a thing to be forgotten. Nothing could have been kindlier. Naturally, the young man, so snatched from beneath the wheels, had unbosomed himself; and the elder, in his urbane way, expounded a catholic philosophy of life, politics and success.

Thus Mantle was saved. His ardent temperament strove for a reaction to buoyancy; but the reaction was of an imperfect and intermittent character. As a majority of his negligible Committee on Tribal Relations was of the Pilger and Brainbridge following, he had given notice that he would move that the committee be discharged from further consideration of the bill. This would force a vote in open Senate. Moreover, he expected to make the speech in support of his motion the crowning oratorical effort of his life. But he let the time go by without making the motion or delivering the speech, thus submitting to the burial of the bill. The newspapers were very busy with the post-office scandal then, and had neither time nor space for Indian mineral lands. Mantle breathed more freely. On the Cuban sugar measure he voted with Pilger and Brainbridge. Again it passed with little comment. Sam Grant knew what price he had taken for himself; but nobody else seemed even decently curious to know. The great dome appeared to say: "Why should we bother about the details? We've seen so many like you. They come and go in shoals."

[illegible] 1906 by Hart Schaffner & Marx

THOROUGHBRED—the quality which distinguishes our clothes from others. You can't define it—style, hand-tailoring, all-wool fabrics; they're all part of it; you want that thoroughbred air.

You'll [illegible] find our label if you want to be sure of getting it; a [illegible] honesty always: a small thing to look for, [illegible] to find. Send six cents for the Style Book.

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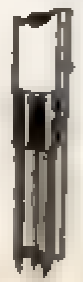
remember that the *lens* is most important. Without the right lens you will fail to get just those pictures that you want most. Photographs like those shown in this advertisement are well nigh impossible with lenses ordinarily furnished with cameras, but with TESSAR they are as easily made as any other kind. TESSAR is the best lens for any kind of a photograph that can be made with a hand camera, because it is twice as rapid as the regular hand camera lenses, gives perfectly clear pictures and is simpler and lighter. When placing your order for a Kodak, Premo, Century, Hawkeye, or other camera, ask your dealer to give you one fitted with TESSAR Lens. All these cameras are now supplied by the makers with TESSAR Lenses.

Booklet, "Aids to Artistic Aims," Free.

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
Rochester, N.Y.
NEW YORK BOSTON WASHINGTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



REMOVES EVERY WEED—50c

With the **Champion** [illegible] weeds from your lawn, easily [illegible] through the crown of the weed, and pull [illegible] and the ejector thr[illegible]. The prongs are steel, set into a malleable head, which is firm[illegible] 3 ft. handle. It's unbreakable and will last for years. Price, Express Prepaid, 50c. Guaranteed Satisfactory. Money back if it doesn't do the work.
CHAMPION WEED PULLER COMPANY CHICAGO

CONVERT YOUR ROWBOAT INTO A SPEED LAUNCH

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE MOTOR

NEW MODEL 1906

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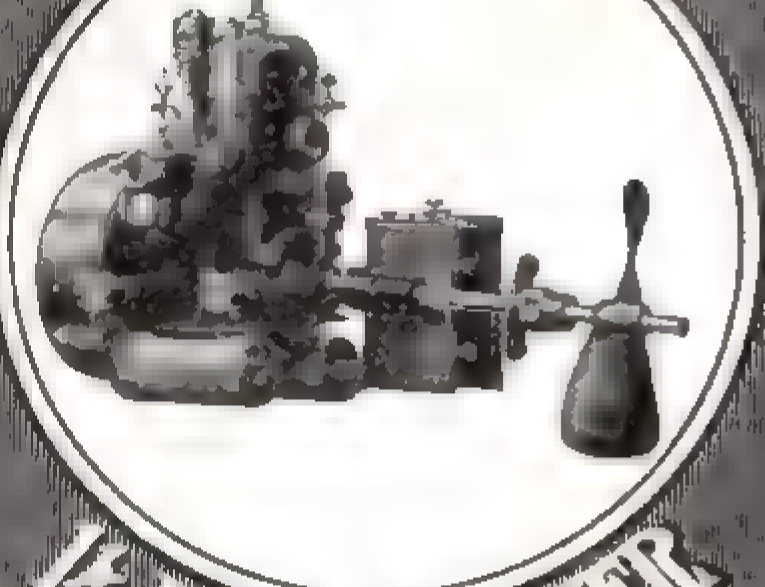


$33.15 ENGINE ONLY

$33.15 ENGINE ONLY

1½ HORSE POWER

NO VALVES, NO SPRINGS
NO GEARS, NO CAMS
NO-THING TO GO WRONG

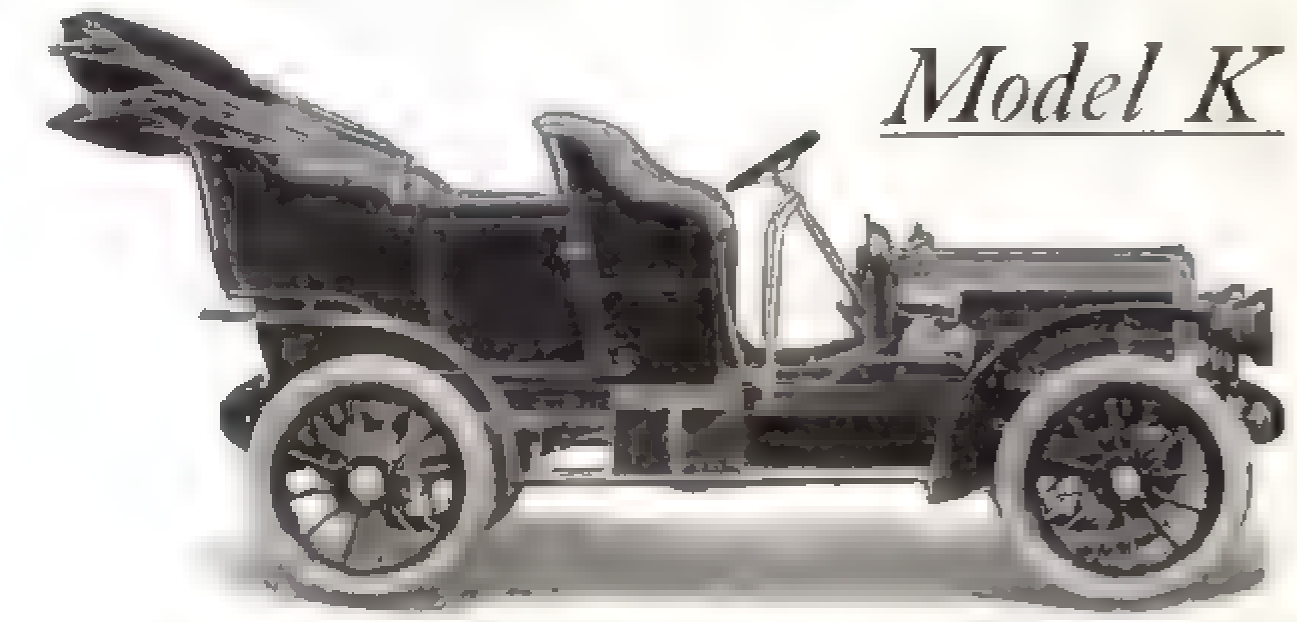
EASY TO BUY
EASY TO INSTALL
EASY TO OPERATE

WE ARE BUILDING 10,000 AUTO-MARINE GASOLINE ENGINES THIS YEAR

WRITE FOR CATALOG 1-TO-20 H.P.

DETROIT AUTO-MARINE CO. 97 E. CONGRESS ST. DETROIT, MICH.

Model K



WINTON Reserve-Power

THE life of a [illegible]

So say [illegible] Experts and [illegible] records.

The life of a motor may be estimated [illegible] Keys [illegible] Why not?

Now a Motor that must turn [illegible] 1,200 revolutions per minute [illegible] as [illegible] Motor [illegible] the same speed with [illegible]

[illegible]

Don't forget that the [illegible] of a Single [illegible] pistons of a Double [illegible] Motor [illegible]

[illegible] the Motor [illegible] Piston and [illegible]

[illegible] Motor [illegible]

* * *

[illegible] Motor.

Now the Winton Model K [illegible]

[illegible] such thing as Surplus power [illegible] Motor [illegible]

[illegible] speed [illegible]

[illegible] Winton Model K [illegible] wear on [illegible] parts.

It [illegible] Winton Model K [illegible] speed with [illegible] the same [illegible]

[illegible] advantage in "Reserve-power." [illegible] high speed [illegible] without [illegible] push the Car at [illegible]

Oh — [illegible] it is [illegible] to take the vanity out of some Motorist who wants to pass you [illegible] And that's the time you [illegible] Reserve-power of your Winton Model K [illegible] Competitor and put him back in the dust [illegible] where he wanted to put you.

[illegible] Horse-power [illegible] delivered direct [illegible] Winton Motor K [illegible]

[illegible] than a 40 Horse-power Motor would be [illegible] and [illegible] system of [illegible]

Winton Speed is controlled by Compressed Air — [illegible] to the Westinghouse Air-brake system as used on Express trains.

[illegible], and dispenses with all need of [illegible] Speed [illegible]

Because the Winton [illegible] gives you a [illegible] Speed range of [illegible] its maximum speed, by the simple pressing of your right foot on a [illegible] pedal.

The more you press the faster you go.

[illegible] you [illegible] the [illegible] you go.

[illegible] the Winton Car [illegible] stops if you wish it to stop that way.

* * *

[illegible] the Winton Model K again without [illegible] by simply [illegible] the Spark lever [illegible] and pressing [illegible] Speed pedal [illegible] with your right foot.

In eight years of constant use the [illegible] patented Winton [illegible] Speed-control has not once been known to fail in an Emergency.

Our book, "The Motor-Car Dissected," tells [illegible]

The Winton Model K has
[illegible] H. P. [illegible]
4 [illegible] Vertical Motor
[illegible] Transmission.
Winton [illegible] Springs self adjusting to light loads [illegible]
[illegible] Tires
[illegible] Style, and thoroughly [illegible] materials.

Price $2[illegible] and only one model made this year.

Write for copy of "The Motor-Car Dissected."

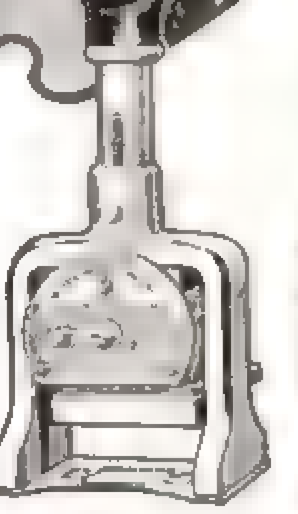
The Winton Motor Carriage Co., Dept. M, Cleveland, Ohio.

Any Number of Reasons

The many and great advantages of numerical systems in the order, checking and billing departments of all lines of business are fully appreciated by you. But do you know the many points of superiority of the original

Bates Automatic Hand Numbering Machine

(Made only at Orange, N. J.)



[illegible] It outlasts them all. Made only at the works of [illegible], Orange, N. J.

Sold By All Stationers and Office Supply Houses

[illegible] with the original Bates [illegible] system to you. Write to-day.

BATES MFG. CO., 18 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

New York Office, 31 Union Square
Chicago Office, 304 Wabash Avenue

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Cut out this advertisement, attach to your business stationery, and mail to us — or write on your regular letter head.

In return we will send free 50 **RUSH COUPONS** (printed on **COUPON BOND** paper.

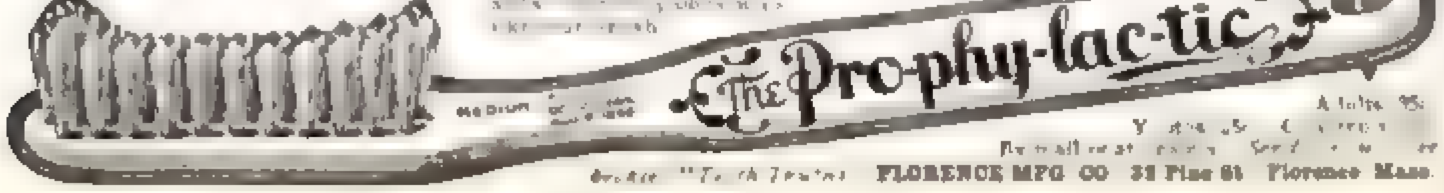
Pin one of these **RUSH COUPONS** to any order. It will save you time and worry.

Let us put a pad of these Coupons on your desk with our compliments.

AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY, 22 MILL STREET, HOLYOKE, MASS.

I KEEP OLD FRIENDS AND ADD NEW ONES EVERY DAY

Sold Only in a Yellow Box — for your protection. Curved handle and face to fit the mouth. Bristles in irregular tufts — cleans between the teeth. [illegible]



Adults 35c. [illegible]

[illegible] Booklet "Tooth Truths." FLORENCE MFG. CO. 32 Pine St. Florence, Mass.

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This Cut Shows the Roof of the St. Louis Music Hall. It is Covered with Rex Flintkote

Here's the why: The roof has a large [illegible]

Rex Flintkote Roofing

filled these requirements better than any other roofing, irrespective of [illegible]

WE SEND SAMPLES FREE

[illegible] "Look for the Boy" [illegible]

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
43 India St., Boston, Mass.
[illegible]

TRADE MARK
REX
Flintkote

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

Catalog of [illegible] sent

FREE! FREE! FREE!

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PATENTS

No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for [illegible]

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Atlantic Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Here is a List of Good Positions Which do YOU Want?

Study the list. Mark the position you desire and mail the coupon to us. We will do the rest by showing you how you can in **your spare time**, without neglecting your present work, qualify yourself to enter the occupation of your choice, at a salary you could not command in years of ordinary work.

We will give you as evidence the names and addresses of thousands who have doubled, tripled and quadrupled their income as the result of marking this coupon

We will make the way so plain to you that you will marvel at the ease with which it can be followed.

For this information, valuable as it is to you, we simply ask you to

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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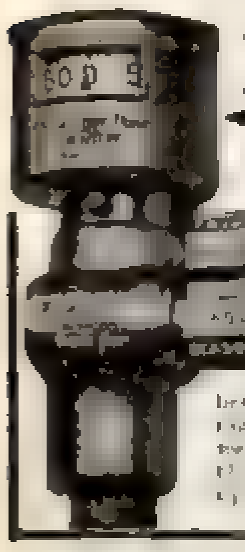
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law for Credit Men
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Electrical Engineer
Mechan'l Draftsman
Foreman Plumber
Electric Lighting Supt.
Mechanical Engineer
Surveyor
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Building Contractor
Architec'l Draftsman
Architect
Bridge Engineer
Structural Engineer
Mining Engineer

Name ______
Street and No. ______
City ______ State ______



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NO matter how fast or how slow you go the Auto Meter tells the speed at which your Automobile is traveling with unfailing correctness.

It is operated by the same *unchangeable magnetism* which [illegible] the Mariner's Compass [illegible], and certain forever.

The Auto-Meter is the only successful *magnetic* indicator because [illegible] magnetism can be [illegible] used, and we *have patented that way*. That means that the only indicator you can *depend* upon for *permanent accuracy* is

The Warner
AUTO-METER
(Registers Speed and Distance)

It registers any speed from *1/4 mile to 60 miles* per hour.
It tells how far you have gone on the *trip* and gives total miles traveled for the *season*.
It goes on the dashboard where it can be *read from the seat* [illegible].
It is as sensitive as a compass and as *solid as a rock*. It is uninfluenced by any shock which would [illegible] your car. It is accurate when you get it, and is

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Any man who can afford an automobile can easily afford an Auto-Meter. It is as indispensable to the Motorist as the *watch in his pocket*.

Let us tell you more about it.

Write us *to-day* and we'll send you with our answer our free book "Auto Pointers." Address

The Warner Instrument Co., 130 Roosevelt St., Beloit, Wis.

(The Auto-Meter is on sale by all first-class dealers and at most Garages.)

THE CASE OF MR. CARDEN

(Continued from Page 15)

"Central Park! *I* haven't been in Central Park for ten years, my child."

"Why, Doctor Atwood!—*is* this Dr. *Austin* Atwood with whom I am talking?"

"Not the least doubt! And you are that pretty Doctor Hollis—Rosalind Hollis, who consulted me in those charity cases, are you not?"

"I certainly am. And I wanted to say to you that I have the unfortunate patient now under closest observation here in my own apartment. I have given him the room next to the office. And, Doctor, you were perfectly right. He shows every symptom of the disease—he is even inclined to sentimentalism; he begins to blush and fidget and look at me—a—in that unmistakable manner—not that he isn't well-bred and charming—indeed he is most attractive, and it grieves me dreadfully to see that he already is beginning to believe himself in love with the first person of the opposite sex he encounters—I mean that he—that I cannot mistake his attitude toward me—which is perfectly correct, only one cannot avoid seeing the curious infatuation——"

"*What* the dickens is all this?" roared the great specialist, and Doctor Hollis jumped.

"I was only confirming your diagnosis, Doctor," she explained meekly.

"What diagnosis?"

"Yours, Doctor. I have confirmed it, I fear. And the certainty has made me perfectly miserable, because his is such a valuable life to the world, and he himself is such a splendid, wholesome, noble specimen of youth and courage that I cannot bear to believe him incurably afflicted."

"Good Heavens!" shouted the doctor; "*what* has he got and *who* is he?"

"He is Victor Carden, the celebrated artist, and he has Lamour's Disease!" she gasped.

There was a dead silence; then: "Keep him there until I come! Chloroform him if he attempts to escape!"

And the great specialist rang off excitedly.

So Rosalind Hollis went back to the lamp-lit office where, in a luxurious armchair, Carden was sitting, contentedly poring over the ninth volume of Lamour's great treatise and smoking his second cigar.

"Doctor Atwood is coming here," she said in a discouraged voice, as he rose with alacrity to place her chair.

"Oh! What for?"

"T-to see you, Mr. Carden."

"Who? Me? Great Scott! I don't want to be slapped and pinched and mauled by a man! I didn't expect that, you know. I'm willing enough to have you observe me in the interest of humanity ——"

"But, Mr. Carden, he is only called in for consultation. I—I have a dreadful sort of desperate hope that, perhaps, I may have made a mistake; that possibly I am in error."

"No doubt you are," he said cheerfully. "Let me read a few more pages, Doctor Hollis, and then I think I shall be all ready to dispute my symptoms, one by one, and convince you what really is the trouble with me. And, by the way, did Doctor Atwood seem a trifle astonished when you told him about me?"

"A trifle—yes," she said uncertainly. "He is a very, very old man; he forgets. But he is coming."

"Oh! And didn't he appear to recollect seeing me in the Park?"

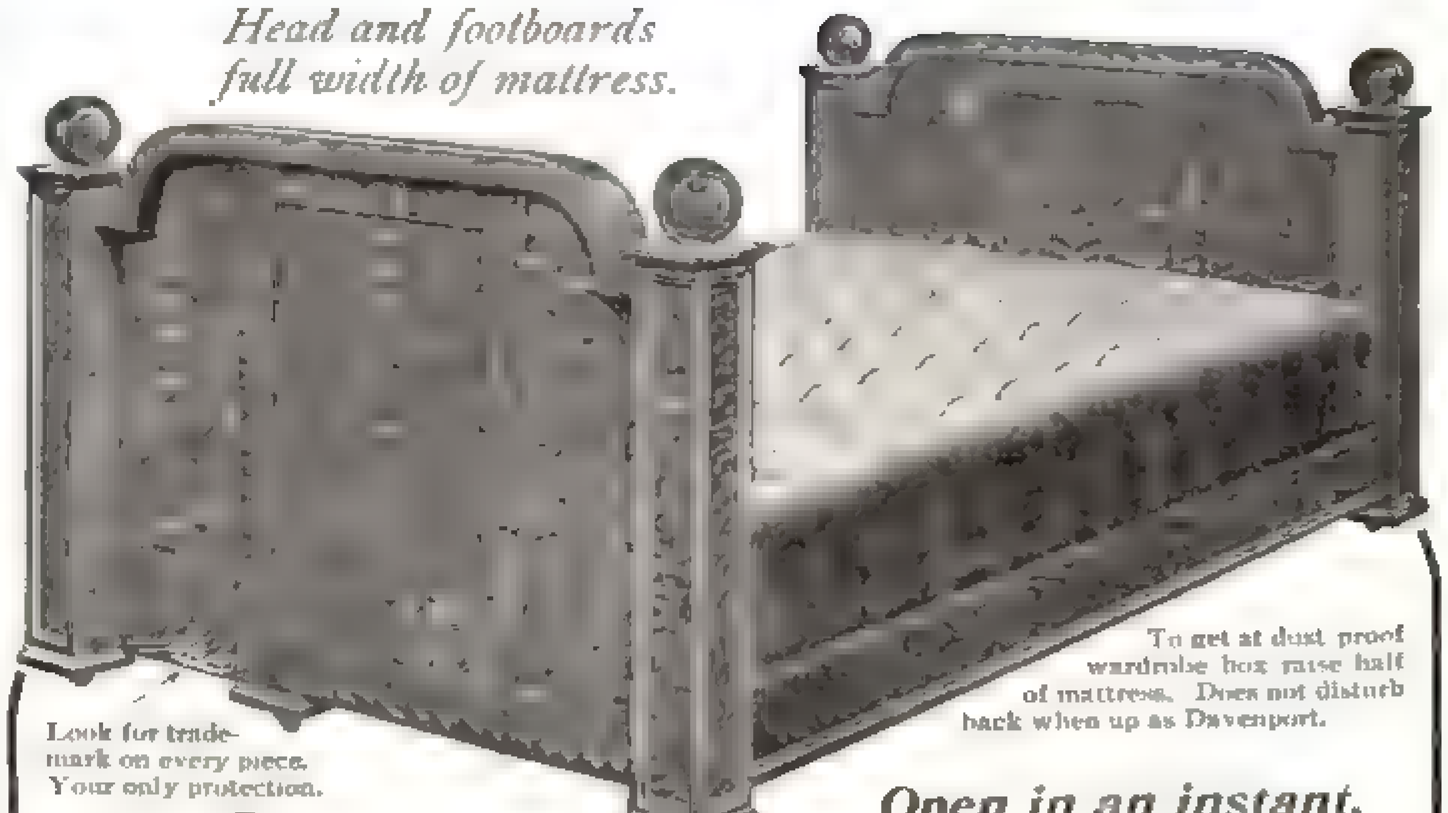
"N-not clearly. He is very old, you know. But he is coming here."

"*Exactly*—as a friend of mine puts it," smiled Carden. "May I be permitted to use your telephone a moment?"

"By all means, Mr. Carden. You will find it there in my bedroom."

So he entered her pretty bedroom and, closing the door tightly, called up the Tracer of Lost Persons.

"Is that you, Mr. Keen? This is Mr. Carden. I'm head-over-heels in love. I simply must win her, and I'm going to try. If I don't—if she will not listen to me—I'll certainly go to smash. And what I want you to do is to prevent Atwood from butting in. Do you understand? . . . Yes, Dr. Austin Atwood. Keep him away



Head and footboards full width of mattress.

To get at dust proof wardrobe box raise half of mattress. Does not disturb back when up as Davenport.

Look for trade-mark on every piece. Your only protection.

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By simply unhooking a gate at either end and dropping the back down as shown in picture, the Streit Davenport is changed to a comfortable double bed, full width for two persons. Head and foot boards full width of mattress keep pillows from slipping off and bed clothes from pulling out at feet. Simple and strong; no mechanism to get out of order. Use it every day for a lifetime. Best box mattress of fine steel springs, covered with curled hair and moss. A luxuriously comfortable bed and a most convenient piece of furniture—takes care of an extra guest.

Streit Morris Chairs make one absolutely comfortable. There is a head-rest that really rests the head; a back and a foot-rest exactly the right height, enabling you to fully relax nerves and muscles. All Streit upholstering guaranteed the highest excellence in quality and workmanship. Only the best quality natural grained, machine buffed leather, velours, tapestries, and other soft goods of the latest weaves are used. Buttons never come out. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from us. We ship on approval.

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ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram Trade Mark stamped on the frame. None other are genuine.

[illegible] SMITH & WESSON Revolvers.

Our new booklet "The Revolver" [illegible] expert's instruction for target shooting. The most interesting and instructive revolver catalog ever published. Sent free upon request.

are the thoroughbreds of the revolver world. They're absolutely and always dependable, yet built on lines of grace and beauty, light, and trim and neat—a gentleman's arm.

SMITH & WESSON

Revolvers are a tested assemblage of tested parts—tested for accuracy, efficiency and range—and proven to possess a degree of infallibility worthy the dependence of life. The only high grade, efficient desk and pocket revolver made.

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[illegible] fold up into a package. [illegible]

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Offers superior advantages to people who do not have safe banking facilities at home, or cannot get 4% Compound Interest on their savings. Send for free booklet "A" giving interesting facts about Cleveland as a commercial center.

ASSETS $28,000,000.00

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The Hostess

who is sure of her refreshments is at ease with her company. There is perhaps no beverage so universally liked as Welch's Grape Juice. It fits in with any menu, is appropriate for all occasions and being non-alcoholic gives offense to none.

Welch's Grape Juice

is delightful however served — as a drink, a punch or made up into any one of a dozen dainty desserts. It is nothing but the juice of the choicest Concord grapes, put up in such a way that all the freshness and flavor of the growing fruit is retained.

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In every home

there is a musical interest and the Hamilton Piano appeals to it.

Here is a piano whose power to delight and please we believe is so strong that no matter where you live we will arrange for you to hear it.

You could no more fail to enthuse over its tone than over Sembrich's singing of "Home Sweet Home." And, the action is perfect — smooth, delicate, even.

The Hamilton's durability is proved by its popularity in foreign countries as well.

Write D. H. Baldwin & Co., 142 W. 4th St., Cincinnati, for [illegible] information and catalog showing beautiful styles of the

HAMILTON PIANO

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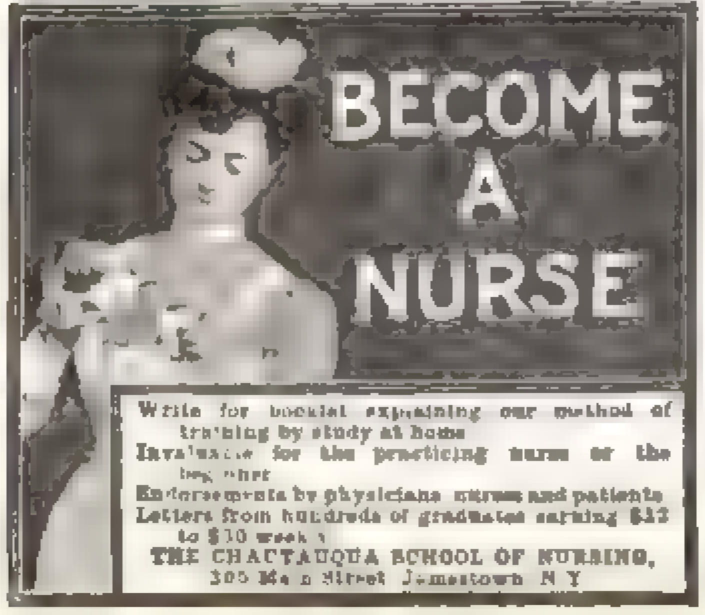

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Invaluable for the practicing nurse or the beginner.
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Letters from hundreds of graduates earning $12 to $30 weekly.
THE CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING,
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somehow. . . . Yes, I'm here, at Doctor Hollis' apartments, under anxious observation. . . . She is the *only* woman in the world! I'm mad about her and getting madder every moment! She is the most perfectly splendid specimen of womanhood—*what?* Oh, yes; I rang you up to ask you whether it was *you* in the Park to-day?—that old gentleman —— *What!* Yes, in Central Park. Yes, this afternoon! No, he didn't resemble you; and Doctor Hollis took him for Doctor Atwood. . . . What are you laughing about? . . . I can *hear* you laughing. . . . *Was* it you? . . . What do I think? Why, I don't know exactly what to think, but I suppose it must have been you. Was it? . . . Oh, I see. You don't wish me to know. Certainly, you are quite right. Your clients have no business behind the scenes. I only asked out of curiosity. . . . All right. Good-by."

He came back to the lamp-lit office, which was more of a big, handsome, comfortable living-room than a physician's quarters, and for a moment or two he stood on the threshold, looking around.

In the pleasant, subdued light of the lamp Rosalind Hollis looked up and around, smiling involuntarily to see him standing there; then, serious, silent, she dropped her eyes to the pages of the volume he had discarded—volume nine of Lamour.

Even with the evidence before her, corroborated in these inexorably scientific pages which she sat so sadly turning, she found it almost impossible to believe that this big, broad-shouldered, attractive young man could be fatally stricken.

Twice her violet eyes stole toward him; twice the thick lashes veiled them, and the printed pages on her knee sprang into view and the cold precision of the type confirmed her fears remorselessly:

"*The trained scrutiny of the observer will detect in the victim of this disease a peculiar and indefinable charm—a strange symmetry which, on closer examination, reveals traces of physical beauty almost superhuman——*"

Again her eyes were lifted to Carden; again she dropped her white lids. Her worst fears were confirmed.

Meanwhile he stood on the threshold looking at her, his pulses racing, his very soul staring through his eyes; and, within him, every sense clamoring out revolt at the deception, demanding confession and its penalty.

"I can't stand this!" he blurted out; and she looked up quickly, her face blanched with foreboding.

"Are you in pain?" she asked.

"No—not that sort of pain! I *won't* you please believe that I am not ill? I'm imposing on you. I'm an impostor! There's nothing whatever the trouble with me except—something that I want to tell you—if you'll let me——"

"Why should you hesitate to confide in a physician, Mr. Carden?"

He came forward slowly. She laid her hand on the empty chair which faced hers and he sank into it, clasping his restless hands under his chin.

"You are feeling depressed," she said gently. Depression was a significant symptom. Three chapters were devoted to it.

"I'm depressed, of course. I'm horribly depressed and ashamed of myself, because there is nothing on earth the matter with me, and I've let you think there is."

She smiled mournfully; this was another symptom of a morbid state. She turned, unconsciously, to page 379 to verify her observation.

"See here, Miss Hollis," he broke out, "haven't I any chance to convince you that I am not ill? I want to be honest without involving a—a friend of mine. I can't endure this deception. Won't you let me prove to you that these symptoms are—are only significant of something else?"

She looked straight at him, considering him in silence.

"Let us begin with those dark circles under my eyes," he said desperately. "I found some cold cream in my room and—look! They are practically gone! At any rate, if there is a sort of shadow left it's because I use my eyes in my profession."

"Doctor Lamour says that the dark circles disappear, anyway," said the girl, unconvinced. "Cold cream had nothing to do with it."

"But it *did!* Really it did. And as for the other symptoms, I—well, I can't help my pulses when y-you t-t-touch me."

"Please, Mr. Carden."

JAP-A-LAC
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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INDISPENSABLE AT MOVING TIME
This perfect rejuvenator of everything about a home from cellar to garret will prove the greatest factor in
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How often have you been tempted to discard that old chair or table because it does not look as nice as it should? Perhaps you would have done it, had you cared to put the money into a new one. It will not be necessary now; you need simply to get a can of JAP-A-LAC, any one of sixteen different colors, and you can transform it into a piece of furniture as good as new, in a few minutes, at a trifling cost.

There is no article of wood or metal that cannot be JAP-A-LAC-ED to advantage. JAP-A-LAC is the finest Floor Finish made. Its beautiful, hard, lustrous finish will last for years. JAP-A-LAC is easy to apply and dries quickly. It is all ready to use and there is no dirt or muss around. Every housewife should keep on hand a supply of JAP-A-LAC, in different colors. Frequently you may wish to obliterate a scratch or mar from something. A can of JAP-A-LAC and a paint brush will enable you to keep everything, from cellar to garret, in perfect condition all of the time.

JAP-A-LAC costs so little and does so much, you will see the economy of its liberal use the first time you try it. For Sale by Paint, Hardware and Drug Dealers. All sizes, 15c to $2.50.

JAP-A-LAC

Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry or Oak
for Chairs

will transform into a thing of beauty, any old, dilapidated chair you are ready to throw away. If your chair is not broken or rickety, save it—don't throw it away. JAP-A-LAC it! You will be surprised at the beautiful effect you will produce—you will enjoy the work and save the price of a new chair. It's a question of cents against dollars. Save the dollars.

A Warning Against the Dealer Who Substitutes

When you ask your dealer for JAP-A-LAC [illegible] even stronger [illegible] he makes more money on the substitute. [illegible] nearly $1,500,000 for it during the past year. Insist on JAP-A-LAC.

[illegible]

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Ice Cream for 1 Cent a Plate

With one quart milk and a package of

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any one can make and freeze two quarts of the most delicious Ice Cream in 10 minutes at a cost of one cent a plate. No heating or cooking. No eggs, sugar or flavoring to add. Everything contained in the package and approved by Pure Food Commissioners.

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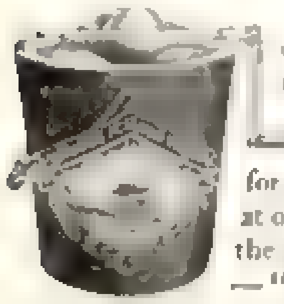

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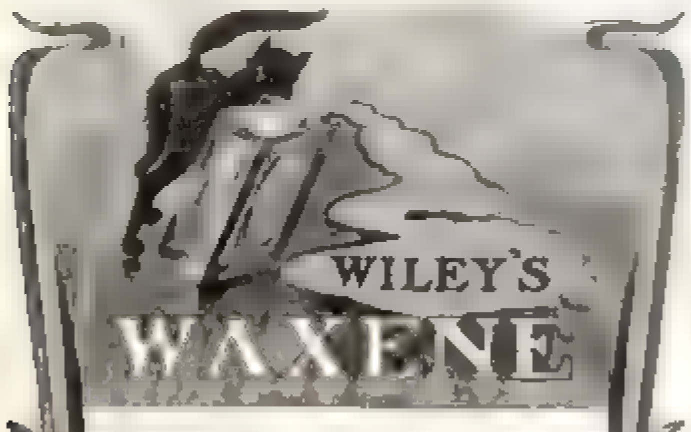

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"Let me try them," she said coolly, laying her hand on his wrist.

"Didn't I say so!" he insisted grimly. "And I'm turning red, too. But those symptoms mean something else; they mean *you!*"

"Mr. Carden!"

"I can't help saying so——"

"I know it," she said soothingly; "these sentimental outbursts are part of the disease——"

"Good Heavens! *Won't* you try to believe me! There's nothing in the world the matter with me except that I am—am p-p-perfectly f-f-fascinated——"

"You must struggle against it, Mr. Carden. That is only part of the——"

"It isn't! It isn't! It's you! It's your mere presence, your personality, your charm, your beauty, your loveliness, your——"

"Mr. Carden, I beg of you! I—it is part of my duty to observe symptoms, but—but you are making it very hard for me—very difficult——"

"I am only proving to you that it isn't Lamour's Disease which does stunts with my pulses, my temperature, my color. I'm not morbid except when I realize my deception. I'm not depressed except when I think how far you are from me—how far above me—how far out of reach of such a man as I am—how desperately I—I——"

"D-don't you think I had better administer a s-s-sedative, Mr. Carden?" she said, distressed.

"I don't care. I'll take anything you give me—as long as *you* give it to me. I'll swallow pint after pint of pills! I'll luxuriate in poison—anything——"

She was hastily running through the pages of the ninth volume to see whether the symptoms of sentimental excitement ever turned into frenzy.

"What can you learn from that book?" he insisted, leaning forward to see what she was reading. "Anyway, Doctor Lamour married his patient so early in the game that all the symptoms disappeared. And I believe the trouble with his patient was my trouble. She had every symptom of it until he married her! She was in love with him, that is absolutely all!"

Rosalind Hollis raised her beautiful, incredulous eyes.

"What do you mean, Mr. Carden?" she asked slowly.

"I mean that, in my opinion, there's no such disease as Lamour's Disease. That young girl was in love with him. Then he married her at last, and—presto!—all the symptoms vanished—the pulse, the temperature, the fidgets, the blushes, the moods, the whole business!"

"W-what about the strangely curious manifestations of physical beauty—superhuman symmetry, Mr. Carden?"

"Do you notice them in *me?*" he gasped.

"A—yes—in a m-modified measure——"

"In *me?*"

"Certainly!" she said firmly; but the slow glow suffusing her cheeks was disconcerting her. Then his own face began to reflect the splendid color in hers; their eyes met, dismayed.

"There are sixteen volumes about this disease," she said. "There *must* be such a disease!"

"There is," he said. "I have it badly. But I never had it before I first saw you in the Park!"

"Mr. Carden—this is the wildest absurdity——"

"I know it. Wildness is a symptom. I'm mad as a hatter. I've got every separate symptom and I wish it was infectious and contagious and catching and fatal!"

She made an effort to turn the pages to the chapter entitled, "Manias and Illusions," but he laid his hand across the book and his clear eyes defied her.

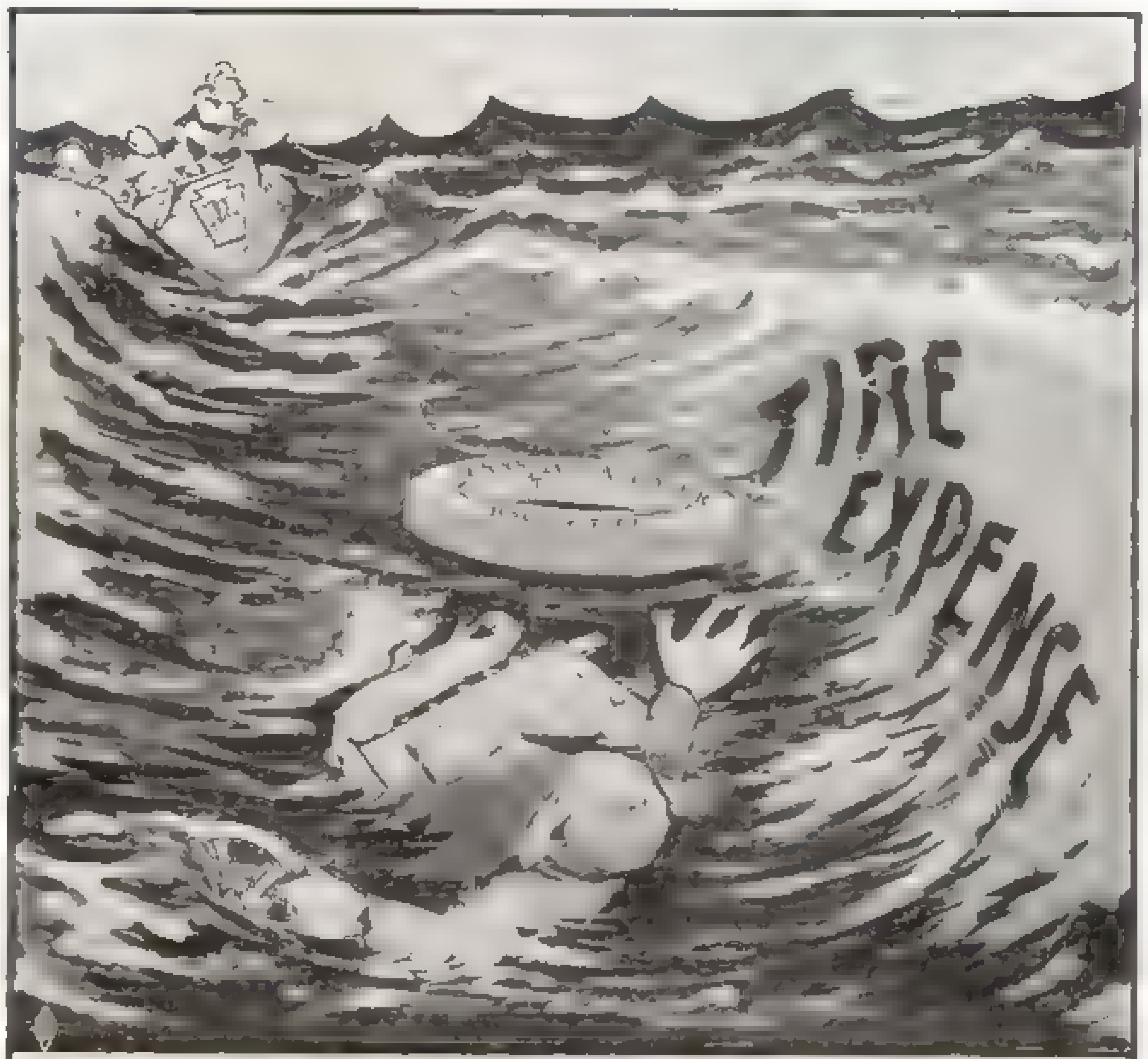
"Mr. Carden——"

Her smooth hand trembled under his, then, suddenly nerveless, relaxed. With an effort she lifted her head; their eyes met, spellbound.

"*You* have *every* symptom," he said unsteadily—"every one! What have you to say?"

Her fascinated eyes met his.

"What have you to say?" he repeated under his breath—"you, with every symptom, and your heavenly, radiant beauty to confirm them—that splendid, youthful loveliness which blinds and stuns me as I



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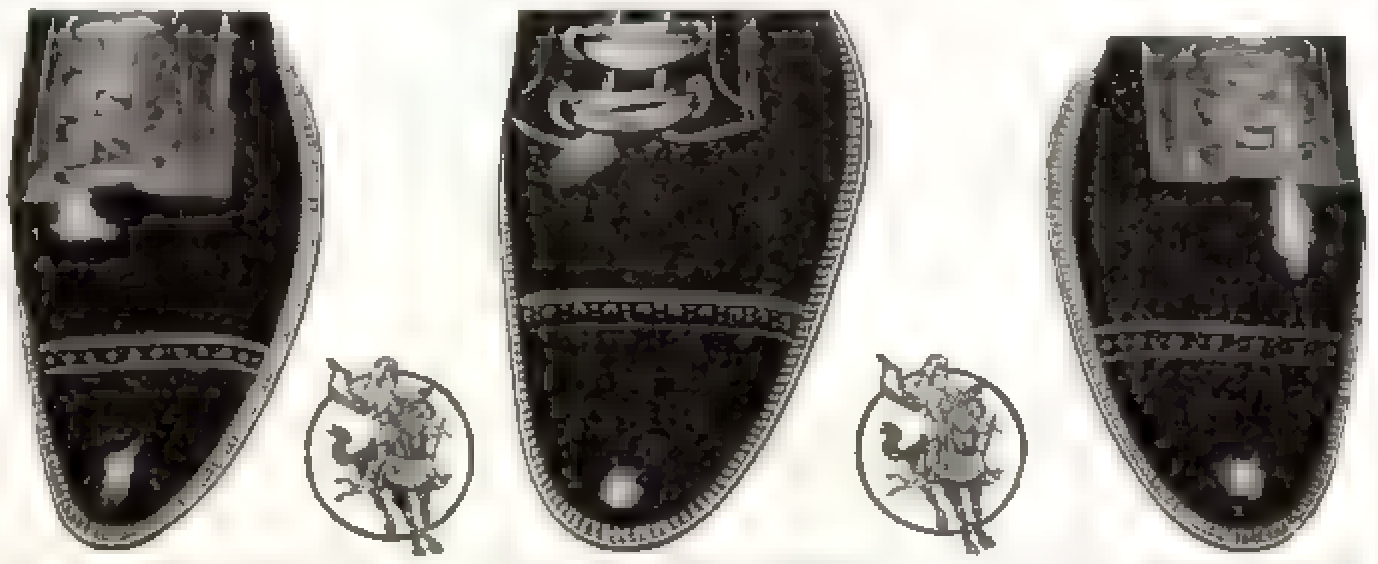

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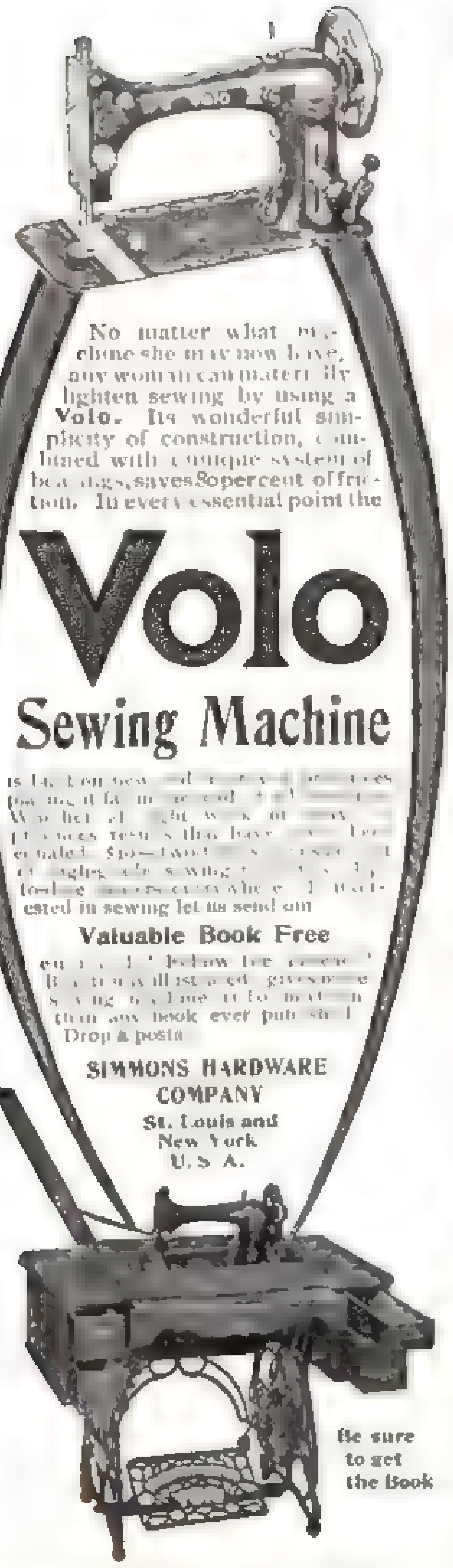
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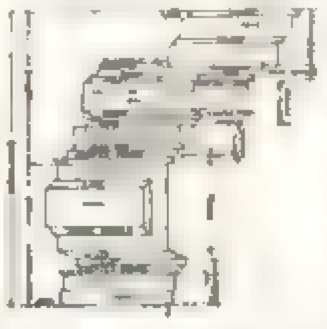

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look—as I speak—as I tell you that I love you! That is my malady; that is the beginning and the end of it: love!"

She sat speechless, inert, as one under enchantment.

"All my life," he said, "I have spent in painting shadows. But the shadows were those dim celestial shapes cast by your presence in the world. You tell me that the world is better for my work; that I have offered my people beauty and a sort of truth which they had never dreamed of until I revealed it? Yet what inspired me was the shadow only, for I had never seen the substance; I had never believed I should ever see the living source of the shadows which inspired me. And now I see; now I have seen with my own eyes. Now the confession of faith is no longer a blind creed, born of instinct. You live! You are you! What I believed from necessity I find proven in fact. The occult no longer can sway one who has seen. And you who, without your knowledge or mine, have always been the one and only source of any good in me or in my work—why is it strange that I loved you at first sight?—that I worshiped you at first breath?—I, who like him who raises his altar to 'the unknown god,' raised my altar to truth and beauty! A miracle has answered me."

She rose, the beautiful dazed eyes meeting his, both hands clasping the ninth volume of Lamour's great monograph to her breast as though to protect it from him—from him who was threatening her, enthralling her, thrilling her with his magic voice, his enchanted youth, the masterful mystery of his eyes. What was he saying to her? What was this mounting intoxication sweeping her senses—this delicious menace threatening her very will? What did he want with her? What was he asking? What was he doing now?—with both her hands in his, and her gaze deeply lost in his—and the ninth volume of Lamour on the floor between them, sprawling there, abandoned, waving its helpless, discredited leaves in the air—discredited, abandoned, obsolete as her own specialty, her life-work! He had taken that, too—taken her life's work from her. And in return she was holding nothing!—nothing except a young man's hands—strong, muscular hands which, after all, were holding her own imprisoned. So she had nothing in exchange for the ninth volume of Lamour; and her life's work had been annihilated by a smile; and she was very much alone in the world—very isolated and very youthful.

After a while she emerged from the chaos of attempted reflection and listened to what he was saying. He spoke very quietly, very distinctly, not sparing himself, laying bare every deception without involving anybody except himself.

He told her the entire history of his case, excluding Mr. Keen in person; he told her about his aunt, about his birthday, about his determination to let the legacy go. Then in a very manly way he told her that he had never before loved a woman; and fell silent, her hands a dead weight in his.

She was surprised that she could experience no resentment. A curious inertia crept over her. She was tired of expectancy, weary of the burden of decision. Life and its problems overweighted her. Her eyes wandered to his broad young shoulders, then were raised to his face.

"What shall we do?" she asked innocently.

Unresisting, she suffered him to explain. His explanation was not elaborate; he only touched his lips to her hands and straightened up, a trifle pale.

They walked together to the door and he took his hat and gloves from the rack.

"Will you come to-morrow morning?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Come early. I am quite certain of how matters are with me. Everything has gone out of my life—everything I once cared for—all the familiar things. So come early, for I am quite alone without you."

"And I without you, Rosalind."

"That is only right," she said simply. "I shall cast no more shadows for you. . . . Are you going? . . . Oh, I know it is best that you should go, but——"

He halted. She laid both hands in his.

"We both have it," she faltered—"every symptom. And—you will come early, won't you?"

(THE END)

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"You're on the right car, and I see you know where to ring the bell."

"Give me the man who knows what he wants, and has the nerve to insist on it." "I'd rather wait on him ten times over than the man who will take any Old Thing the salesman *offers*."

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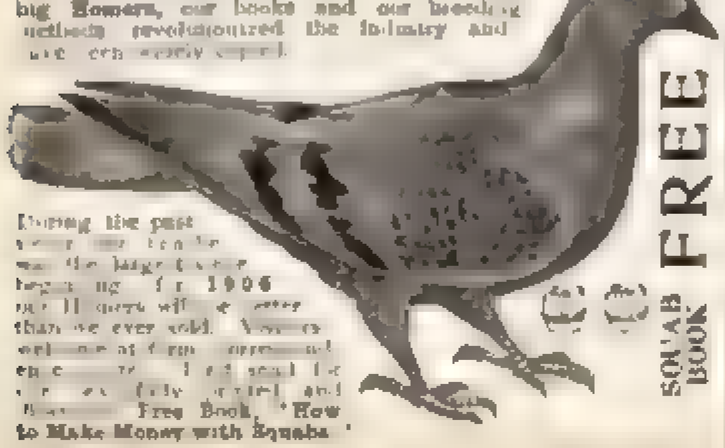

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The Cry of the Children

(Continued from Page 13)

What, indeed, can fix the laborer who makes "scarcely enough to live, much less anything to put aside"?

And what, one asks, is the profit earned by tiny fingers for the greed of the thrifty mill owners?

The superintendent of one factory, who showed me his domain as one justly proud of reducing 1800 souls to serfdom, confided to me in an undertone and with a knowing blink of the eyes:

"Since the company was reorganized we have been earning a yearly profit of eighteen per cent!"

Although the industrial and domestic conditions in Columbus are so deplorable as to discourage even the reformer, there is some remarkable work being done among the mill children.

In 1901, under the direction of Mr. Carlton Gibson and Mr. George Peabody, with an appropriation from the public-school fund and an additional donation from a benevolent citizen of Columbus, the Primary Industrial School was opened, the first in the United States to be organized as a part of the public-school system, not destined as a training school for teachers.

Of the hundred and five pupils between the ages of six and sixteen registered on the school lists during the first three months, not one could read the simplest English sentence. And though some of the pupils in the night classes had passed the age of sixty, they were no less illiterate than the infants.

More appalling to note than this mere ignorance of the alphabet was the fact, recorded by a visiting nurse, that of all the children who had worked in the mills *not one was physically normal.*

All Work and No Play

Yet the moral fibre is fine in these poverty-stricken descendants of the early settlers; ignorance has not dulled their ambition, nor has exhaustion or ill health made them less eager for an education. Let those who doubt "whether it pays to help the poor" attend one of the night classes at the Columbus Industrial School. Go, you who waste the rich opportunities that life extends to you—go and study these laborers' faces. Study in them the conflict between fatigue and interest, between weariness and the longing for knowledge; consider these toil-worn students who, as the night wears on, in spite of all resistance, drop one after the other to sleep, overcome with drowsiness after twelve hours of toil, but determined nevertheless to stand fast by the one chance which has been given them.

An influence, moreover, of incomparable value has been exercised upon the Columbus mill population by the principal of the school and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman Neligh, and their assistant, who are "residents" at the schoolhouse, which, by this wise plan, becomes a small social settlement. The humanitarian and civilizing work done here by Mr. and Mrs. Neligh is an inspiration.

First in the list of manufactures produced by Atlanta is cotton cloth. If the mill village is dreary because of the monotony its rows of identical houses present, the city appears also as a peculiarly unbecoming setting to any industry. The beauty of the country belongs to all whose eyes care to claim it, but the environs of a large town seem like the refuse of the rich, the débris which, in the vortex of metropolitan life, has been flung from a prosperous centre to a forlorn outskirt.

Dirty and dingy was the settlement huddled around most of the mills in the city of Atlanta. Before addressing myself to the office of the factory I went in search of some home life. The little avenues were deserted and the green frame houses presented that abandoned air which clearly announced that all hands had gone to work. Presently, however, I heard a child's voice singing with that emphatic rhythm which generally marks some active manual labor. I followed the sound and soon came upon a group in one of the mill house-yards; several children of the wallowing age, a baby in arms, a fat, indolent mother, and a tiny girl, whose red hair hung in a shaggy mat about her face. She was barefoot, her hands were broad and scarlet, her apron was soaking wet, and her sleeves were rolled

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Under the control of your own fingers you feel the full mastery of the noblest *fortissimo* passages, yet at will you can bring forth the melody in the most delicate shadings of *piano*. Why not experience these pleasures for yourself?

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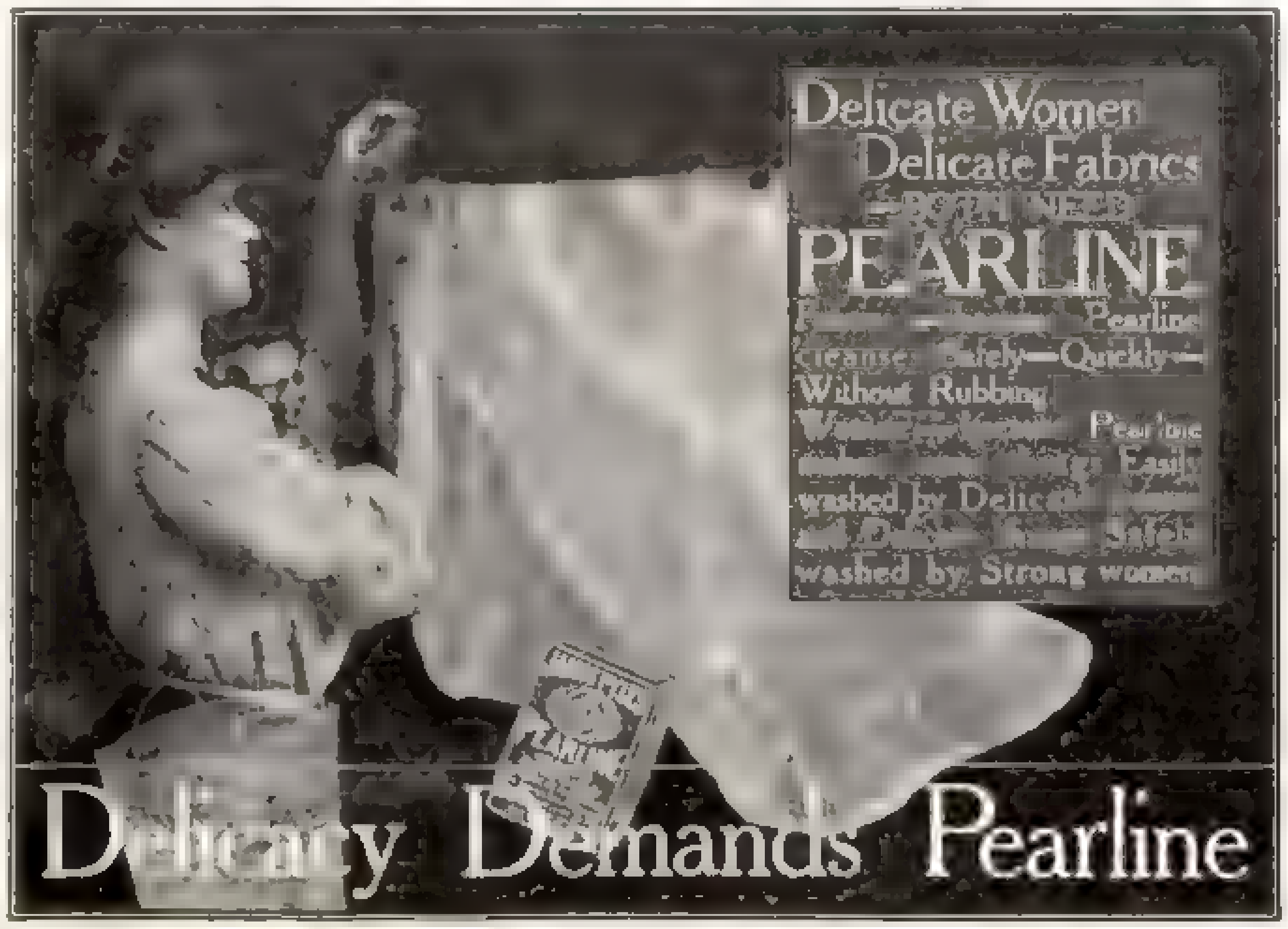

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well up over the stout little arms which she plunged in and out of a tub, scrubbing, wringing and twisting the wash, while she sang on with all her heart.

Having exchanged with the mother a word of greeting, I complimented the laundress.

"My, yes," the woman answered; "Mattie could wash as good as anybody, only her arms ain't got the strength."

Here, the infant on the ground having begun to squall, the mother appealed:

"Take the baby."

But Mattie responded firmly.

"I can't quit. I've got two more dresses to wash." And again she began cheerily to sing.

"She's six years old," the mother drawled, "and my boy's nine. He's been 'most a year in the mill. We can't keep him from it. He went himself an' got the job. I never knew a thing abeout it. He just come home one day an' he says: 'Mamma, I'm at work'—and since then he's never missed an hour."

He was not the only one who had felt early the responsibilities of a life bereft of all that ease and well-being imply. At the schoolhouse, provided by one of the mills, I questioned the primary class:

"How many have ever worked in the mill?"

There were thirty-seven children in the class: five hands went up, five tiny hands already worn with toil. Indeed, the teacher told me that after twelve o'clock so many of the pupils go into the mills to "help," the school is obliged to close as early as two.

Many people commenting upon the evils of child labor make use of the well-known argument:

"If the children weren't in the mill, where would they be? The schools can't keep open all the time. Isn't it better for them to be in the mill than in the streets?"

Wishing upon this subject an opinion more competent than my own, I consulted a lady who for years had been at the head of a large reformatory school in the South. Her experience, extending over a great number of years, had given her a close knowledge of all the evils which threaten the morality of the child.

The Ceaseless, Grinding Mill

"Would you," I said to her, "rather have a boy put into the factory to work at eight, ten or twelve years old, or turned loose in the streets? Which is worse for him, the mill or the street?"

Without an instant's hesitation she responded:

"The mill!"

Yet the offspring of these mill hands are hurried daily from the schoolroom into the factory, their studies are interrupted, not for fresh air and recreation, but for the purpose of "helping" the elders. Just what the effect on them is of this early initiation to toil I was able to judge by a remark made to me during my visit through this important factory. I was accompanied by an overseer who had worked his way up from the "spinnin'-room." As we passed in among the looms whose violent motion causes the very walls to shake and reverberate, I said to my guide:

"I should think the women in here would lose their minds!"

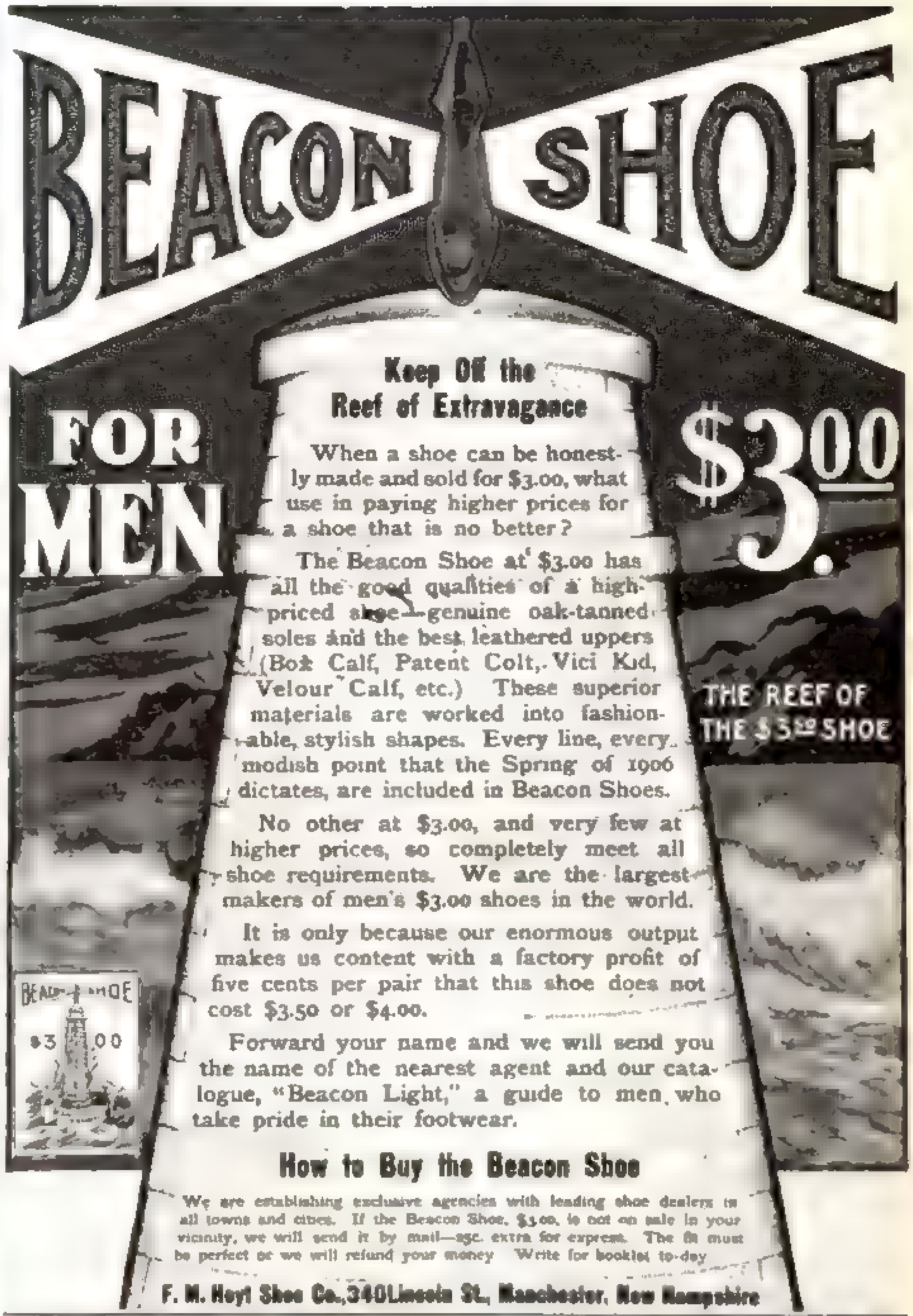
"At first the noise bothers 'em, just like anybody else," he answered; "then they don't hear it. That's how it is with us. We learn a thing, and then we get used to it, and that's all there is about it."

And while I was still reflecting upon this stolid resignation which compared strikingly with certain exaggerated repugnances on the part of the highly sensitive and idle class, the foreman, having also no doubt pursued his own thoughts to a conclusion, said very earnestly:

"The worst feature of the cotton mills ain't the noise, it's the children. They get started the wrong way. I've seen too much of what the mill does for 'em ever to let a child of mine in here."

The wages are surely not the temptation, for the sum eked out by the younger toilers is remarkably small, from $2.50 to $4.50 a week for sixty-seven hours of work! They must be at the gates by 5:45 A. M., and, except for thirty minutes at noon and a recess on Saturday afternoon, they cannot leave their job again until quarter to six at night!

What, then, is it that continues to hold them in such miserable bondage? Ignorance and dire poverty—two fatal weaknesses upon which the manufacturer fastens his clutch with deadly and insatiable greed.



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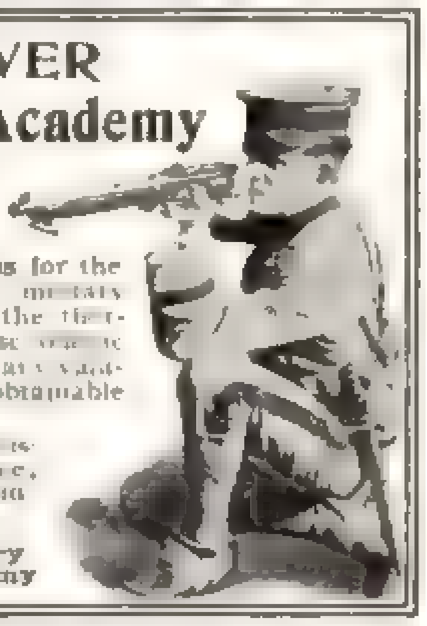

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FOOLS' MONEY

(Continued from Page 5)

the course entrance. To escape his clutches you will be forced to pay an extra five dollars for the exclusion of Tattersall's Enclosure. Even there you will be fortunate if you are not entrapped by some solid-looking, plainly-dressed individual of farmer-like aspect who claims to be from the "North Country," where his son, or brother, is either head lad in some big racing stable, or valet to a jockey, or secretary to an owner. And this quaint, honest Englishman's game will be to induce you to invest on some horse that the tout thinks hasn't a chance on earth. He will assure you that, although the betting in Tattersall's Ring is six to one, owing of course to the big play of the owner, he can get you ten to one in the Stand-ring —"outside," as he calls it. Of course he doesn't bet the money at all—he puts it in his pocket. If the horse wins you never see him again; if he loses, your benefactor comes back with a tale of a bad start, or a crooked jockey, and has another horse for you in the next race.

On the Trail of the Tout

In America the tout works on the outside to a great extent. He haunts the best hotels; he affects good clothes, and is lavish in treating. If he finds you sportively inclined he will try the wire-tapping game. That is always a play for big money. I have known men to be done up for five thousand dollars over this variation of the gold-brick deal. The wire-tapper's system is very simple. He will advise you that he has a confederate installed in a building near a pool-room. The confederate is a telegraph operator and has an instrument tapping the pool-room wire. He will be able to forestall the pool-room. He will keep the result of the race back long enough for you to bet your money on a horse that has already won. Of course, ninety-nine times out of a hundred this is all a lie. The tout picks a possible winner, and, fired by the certainty of the investment, you play it heavily. If the horse wins the tout takes half or even two-thirds. He has gambled on the possibility with your money, and he has altogether a soft thing. If the horse is beaten he is ready with excuses.

I know of an actual occurrence in which a pool-room in Toronto was played this way for three straight winners, and a large killing made, with the capitalist, a respected tradesman, thinking all the time that he was stealing the money. But this temporary success benefited him little, for the tout's business is to get *all* the money, and the successful one in this case came out at the small end of the horn eventually.

Perhaps even more dangerous than the professional tipster is the good-intentioned friend, jockey, trainer, owner, or friend of the owner, who really believes that he is about to do you a service, and imparts the "sure thing." Ordinarily you might have bet ten dollars; in this case you bet a hundred; and, speaking from absolute knowledge, I say emphatically that the God of Chance, reënforced by the probable several other good things in that very race, will, four times out of five, leave you an "also ran."

But here again we are up against limitations. The ramifications of the advice system would make an interesting volume.

Turn on the Searchlight

There is considerable race literature extant; there should be more. What we have, unfortunately for a proper understanding of the subject, is almost wholly one-sided. If more light were shed upon this big and growing subject young men could judge of it more rationally; it is not an ogre to combat by shoving one's head in the sand. Like any other evil it is less fearful when thoroughly understood. Taken as something that exists, that is powerful in its ramifications, analyzed, dissected, and its vampirish allurement portrayed, it might be robbed of much of its fascination for young men. The literature that is published in the papers deals largely with the prizes won, the big killings made. It does not state, as it might, each morning: "John Doe won ten thousand dollars, and a hundred others lost twenty thousand. John

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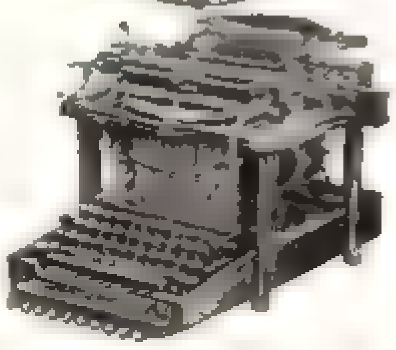
CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

1876
The
EVOLUTION
of
THIRTY
YEARS
1906



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Doe and the bookmakers had a good breakfast this morning." Paragraphs of this sort would make unique reading but hungry turf writers. In fact, if racing or race-betting has any claim to existence it should court, rather than deprecate, a free discussion of the subject; things that are right and of value have no cause to fear publicity

There is a well-worn, full-whiskered aphorism inscribed on a brass plate on the wall of every Jockey Club office, that "racing is for the improvement of the breed of horses." No doubt racing does improve the breed, and also horse-racing is a glorious sport. A race-horse's life is an ideal one in the hands of a humane owner and trainer.

The weight of opinion is against the assumption that horse-racing could be carried on without betting. Personally, I differ from the majority in this argument. Horse-racing without betting would not be so continuous, so widespread, so dominant, as it is now, but we could well do with a little less of it. The quality would be better if the quantity were less. The selling platers and the broken-down skates that now hippodrome the small meetings throughout the country would be relegated to more useful effort.

However, this phase of the matter is too big for the limitations of this article, and is also of importance enough for more competent handling than I can give it. But, in connection with this thought, I have observed, upon an occasion like Futurity Day, perhaps a thousand men in the betting-ring, while in the different stands were probably thirty thousand with little or no desire to bet.

For Straight Sport

Some day racing without betting will be tried, and I predict that it will be quite sufficiently successful. Powerful right-thinking lovers of the thoroughbred—there are many such in America—will devise a means of providing a good, clean, kingly sport. Perhaps they will call it a Presidential sport; that will not matter—it will be big, anyway. And for ten betting-men lost to the sport, a hundred lovers of strenuous contest and the noble animal, the horse, will be won.

There is an altogether erroneous idea that nearly every race that is run is crooked. Strangely enough, if this were true I fancy bettors would have a better chance. It is the most difficult thing on earth to keep secret a plot of this character. The stable hands must know of it: they have friends, and these friends have other friends. And if there were many of these prearranged, leaked-out episodes, the public would have a chance to get their money back from the bookies. It is really the Devil of Mischance, so ever-active, that keeps men of knowledge of the game, trainers and jockeys, from betting, and burns up the money of the "dope-book fiend" and the "form-player."

A handicapper like Vosburgh can, and does, bring the horses of a race together with weight allotted. According to the most accurate knowledge obtainable, these horses all have a fairly even chance of winning. The public will at once decide that Vosburgh is wrong. If there are ten horses running, each one of ten divisions of the public will pick out the horse Vosburgh has made a present of the race to, and blow in its shekels. Then in the race things occur—they always do. When the barrier goes up, very likely the money on at least four horses is immediately lost. Starter Cassidy, who is one of the most straightforward men on the turf, has done the best he could to get the horses away together, but the task is simply impossible. Three or four jockeys, even their horses, will have decided that it is not to be a start and will be on the point of wheeling; a couple will have their very noses in the net, almost thrown on their haunches, and before they can gather into stride they have got at least seven pounds the worst of it.

In the handicap Vosburgh brought them all level; now these six or seven horses have got to be at least ten pounds better than those away well to win. There is the discouragement of a stern chase, which is proverbially long; they get the mud or dust of the gallopers in front; they have to run farther then the leaders who hug the rail; and, perhaps, just as one of the trailers is making his run—which he must do, not when the jockey deems the auspicious moment has come, but when he can see an opening—some horse in front swerves, and the horse behind is shut off—perhaps so

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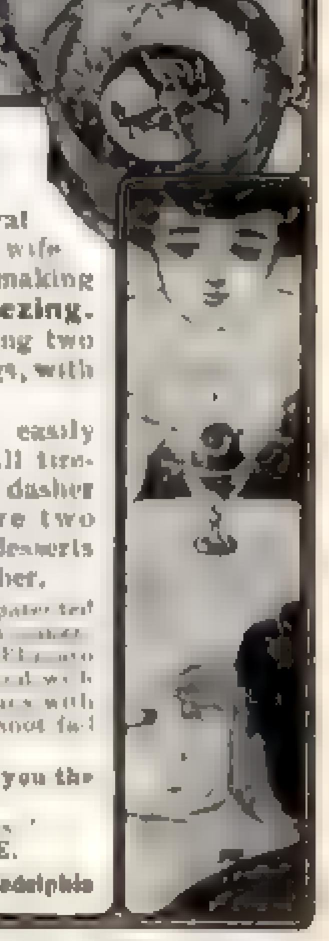

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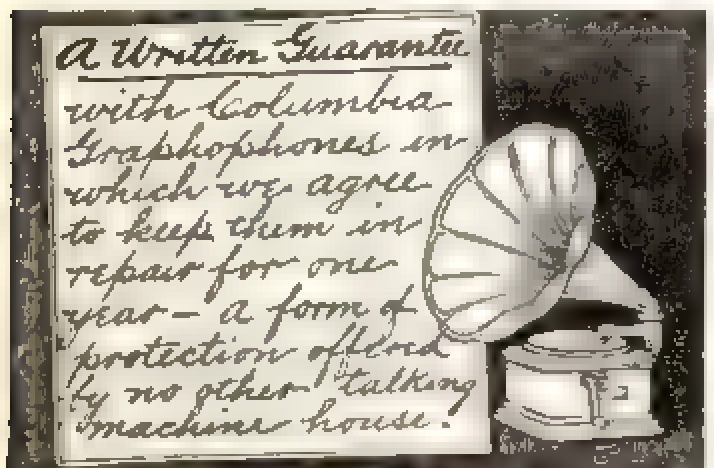

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effectually pocketed that he never gets another chance to come through. Again, when the leaders are rounding into the stretch at the bottom turn, balancing themselves out of instinct to the contour of the circuit, straining to the limit, perhaps the horse next the rail, a neck in front, bumps his nearest companion; that horse is thrown out of his stride, jostles another and this contretemps alone, where they are so evenly matched, is enough to lose a race—and a hundred thousand dollars in betted money.

Horses must also be handicapped pretty much on their best form; and generally the form-player backs him on this recorded performance. Now a race-horse is at his best very rarely; his life of continuous high endeavor renders it impossible that he should always be in the pink of condition. A horse, like a man, will have days upon which he feels equal to almost anything, and others upon which he would like to go to bed and stay there. It is impossible for even his trainer to know these days of unlimited possibility. He will know undoubtedly when the horse is "rank out of condition," but the public buy this knowledge at a stiff price. They will read over and over again the best performance of the horse, and back him repeatedly when he is not within twenty pounds of that form. If the trainer says that his horse is not fit to win, the public will stick its tongue in its cheek and say: "Clever dog! somethin' doin'!"—and double the bet.

In fact, trainer or jockey or owner must always be accredited with crooked work if, by any one of these numerous chances, a horse loses, when, in the backer's estimation, he should have won. The trainers at the big tracks are extraordinarily honest; they must be to hold their positions.

The backer who is always looking for "something doing" in a race has even less chance to win than the man who simply backs what he considers the best horse at the weights. But, unfortunately, either way the chances of winning are so slim that they are not worth considering.

In conclusion, one must make passing reference to "systems" of betting. They are one and all so ridiculously impossible, have failed so repeatedly, that they must be dismissed with the bare statement that no man has ever yet accomplished anything but ruin to himself through playing a system. The bookmakers have the only nearest approach to a system, which is to make backers take smaller odds than they are justly entitled to according to the law of chance.

The Pistache Problem

THE Government Plant Bureau believes that it has worked out the problem of the pistache, which has been beset by many difficulties. To overcome these obstacles was worth much trouble, because the market demand for the nut in the United States is steady and increasing, at high prices. The confectioners must have it, and lack of a home-grown supply obliges them to import it in large quantities. Hence the efforts made to introduce it into cultivation on this side of the water.

The first difficulty encountered was the growing of the plants from seeds; they obstinately refused to sprout and develop satisfactorily. Then the imported budwood exhibited an equal reluctance to submit to grafting processes, even when handled by practiced experts. To obtain the superior varieties, the grafting method must be employed, and for a while the experimenters were in despair. At length, however, they found out how to do it, and the seed-growing stumbling-block was likewise surmounted.

Thus it comes about that at the present time a large number of promising young pistache seedlings are coming prosperously along at the "introduction garden" of the Department of Agriculture at Chico, California. These, it should be understood, are intended for stocks, on which to make grafts. When they are sufficiently mature, the requisite "scions" will be obtained from Italy and elsewhere in the Mediterranean region (whence the best imported nuts come to our markets), and will be utilized for the purpose.

The pistache seems to have originated in Syria. It is widely cultivated in the region of the Mediterranean, and may be said to be the most prized of all nuts, inasmuch as it fetches the highest price. The greenish kernel has a delicious flavor, and nothing takes its place in confectionery, though until very recent years comparatively few people in this country cared for it.

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I'd rather you'd think of the real, the protection side of insurance. It's the simplest, safest, cheapest security in the world for the man-on-the-pay-roll.

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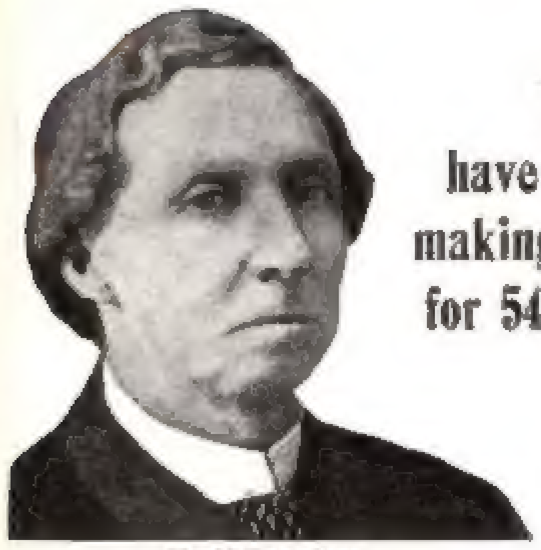

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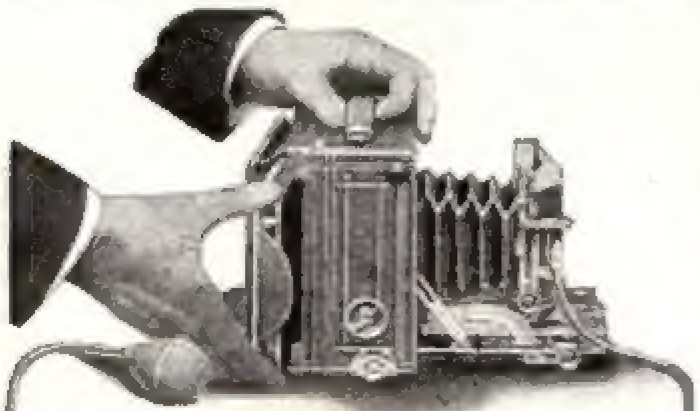

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THE GODDESS GIRL

(Continued from Page 7)

"You needn't rake up the past." He flushed a little. "I've learnt to see things in a different light since then. A man does, you know."

"Oh, very often!" said I meekly. "And then, it's since Muggeridge has been trying to steal her affections——"

"It's the sort of thing a decent chap shouldn't do, don't you see?" he cried indignantly.

"I quite see," cried I, for indeed I was beginning to. "Where is the Goddess Girl?"

He rose with dignity. "She's in the Midlands—staying a few weeks with some beastly relations."

"Oh!"—I saw more plainly still.

"She's coming back in a fortnight, though——"

"Ah!"

"Why doesn't that ass Muggeridge go back to town?" cried he, with his hat in his hand.

"He will," I murmured reassuringly. And Georgie went home again.

"If Muggeridge has drawn those two together I have brought him here to excellent purpose," I said to Drusilla with less hope in my heart than in my words.

But to my surprise she only sighed.

"I don't think any ordinary girl will ever make poor Georgie happy," murmured she.

"I don't think Anne is exactly ordinary," I answered thoughtfully. And there the discussion ended.

It didn't seem to me that things were any better, really, and I felt that this flickering afterglow of affection which had been roused by Muggeridge's devotion was not a promising fire with which to kindle a life's happiness.

Still, to me, there was deep incongruity in the idea of a marriage between Georgie and Anne. But my firm decision, now, was to wash my hands of the two of them; and it was some weeks later that I took Drusilla up to the Manor House to return the call of Georgie's mother.

There we found the Goddess Girl. It seemed to me that Georgie's heart and principles were still utterly lost in the incomparable blue of her sapphire eyes, but I may have been mistaken. She wore something fresh and soft and silky, of an apricot color and a distractingly becoming make, and she swept across the hall to meet us with a delightful smile, a disguised duchess from the departed day of graces.

With Georgie, and without any extinguishing hat over the brightness of her beautiful hair, she walked part-way home with us—not quite to the gate of the Little Mansion but as far as she could, avoiding the village street.

And it was in the larch plantation that we came across Muggeridge and Anne. We heard their voices before we saw them, and Anne's was low and clear.

"I must keep my word to poor Georgie," we heard her say with a sigh, and I glanced at the object of her pity with some apprehension.

Muggeridge groaned audibly. "Why should two valuable lives be ruined and blasted because of that long-legged, conceited, empty-headed boy?" he asked moodily.

Georgie grew scarlet and plunged in upon them before I could restrain him. Drusilla gasped—the Goddess Girl giggled!

"My!" she whispered. "What a picnic!"

"Look here!" Georgie cried hotly. "If you think I'm the sort of chap to go about blasting people's lives, you're jolly well mistaken. See!"

They saw. We all saw, and Anne rose with a little cry, white to the lips. I tried to draw Drusilla away, but she was spellbound by the interest of the moment, and waited.

"I've heard too much and read too much," Georgie went on with injured bitterness, "to expect constancy from any woman. And I'm sorry that I didn't see that I was in the way long ago."

"Georgie!" Anne began, but he stopped her with an indignant gesture.

"You needn't explain," he said with a large magnanimity. "I have eyes, Anne—eyes and ears. I give you your freedom!"

"Oh!" cried poor Anne. "Can't you see, Georgie, that I don't want my freedom?"

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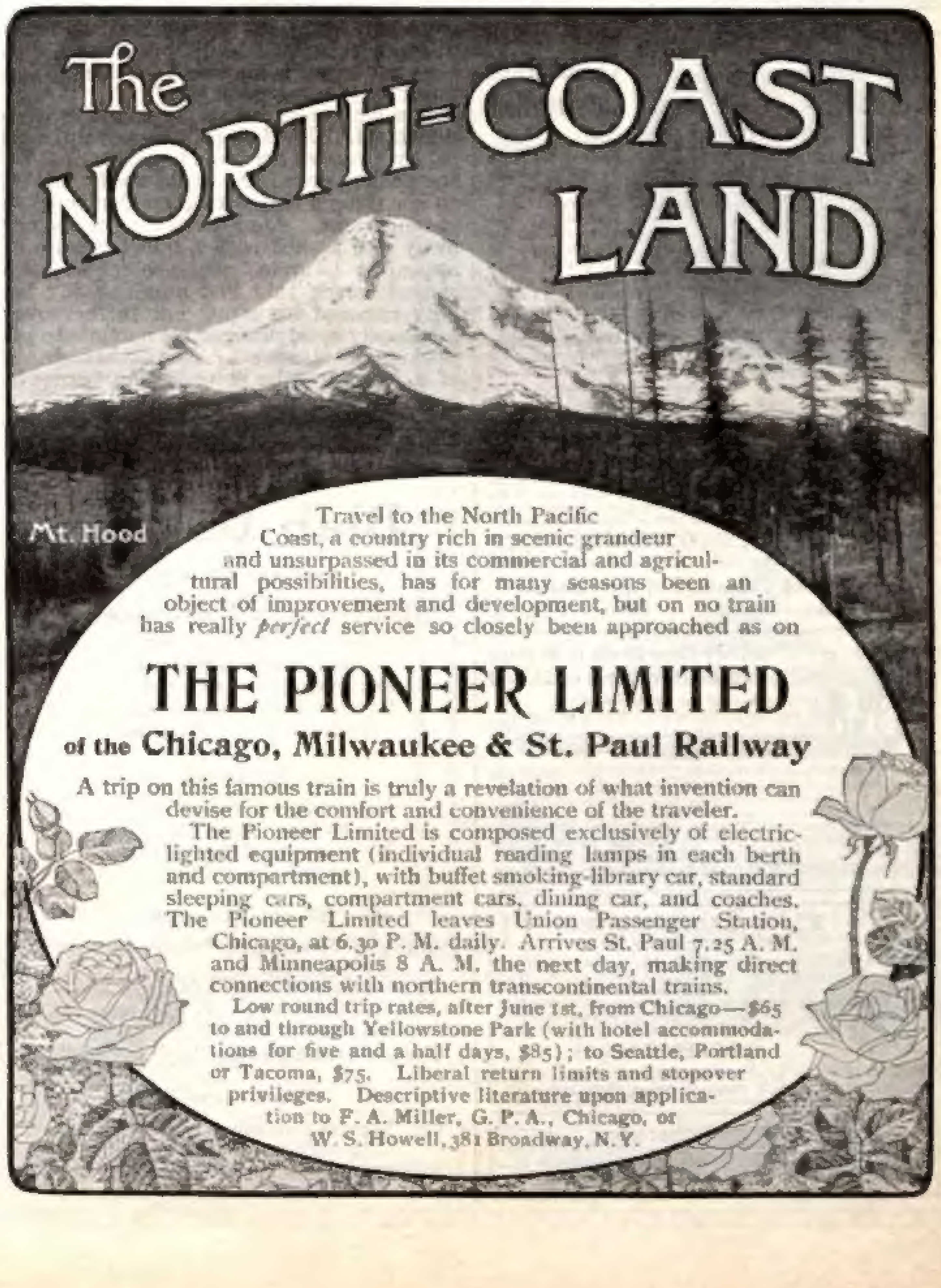

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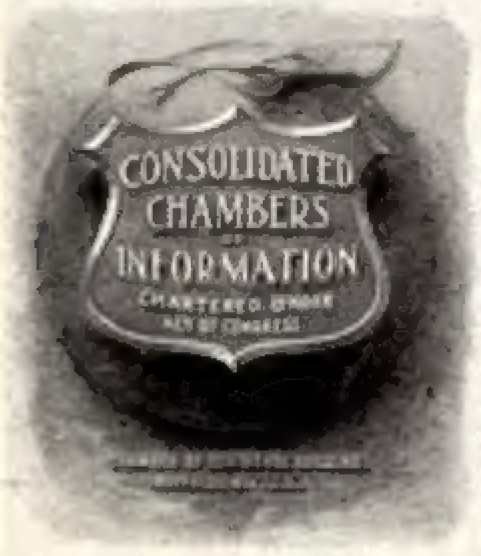
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There was no doubting her sincerity, and I realized it with wonder, but Georgie clung to his point and shook his head.

"This sort of thing," said he sorrowfully, "would have driven some chaps to the dogs. A woman doesn't quite know what she's doing when she plays fast and loose with a man. But I'm not narrow. I'm not such a selfish brute as to stand between you and happiness. You're free."

"Mr. Muggeridge!" Anne turned on him fiercely. "Won't you speak for me? I told you, didn't I, that I couldn't listen to you because I was engaged to Georgie—because I—I——"

Muggeridge grunted stoutly and cleared his throat. To look at he was not a poet's dream of love, but in spite of that Georgie turned, and glared at him with the hot eyes of a rival.

I don't know what Sandy would have tardily said in Anne's defense, but in the nick of time the Goddess Girl, standing at Georgie's side, suddenly drew nearer, and I alone saw a pretty, delicate hand steal out from hanging laces to comfort him. He turned quickly with a little gasp.

"Say, Georgie," murmured she, "I guess we'd better make tracks, hadn't we? This sort of thing's making us all feel meaner than two cents."

At the sound of those drawling accents Anne turned furiously and stopped Muggeridge's explanation.

"It's a put-up thing!" she cried. "Oh, I'm not blind, I'm not blind! It's Georgie who's tired of *me!* He's been getting tired of me ever since you came. And you—did you know he was engaged to me?"

"Well," the Goddess Girl smiled, "I just put two and two together. I never was much at sums, but from Georgie's generally depressed state I thought there was something serious troubling him. Then I made inquiries——"

Anne caught her breath.

"Did you find out anything else from your inquiries?" she cried. "Did you find out about Drusilla, and Violet Sunderland? Georgie's engagements have a short life and a merry one. It is not—dull to be Georgie's fiancée."

The Goddess Girl gave Georgie's hand a soft little squeeze; at least I fancied that she did.

"Perhaps he *is* a bit too rapid in his experiments." She smiled slyly at that disgraceful boy. "And I guess it's about time he found some one to make up his mind for him, permanently."

Her look and tone as she said this were delightful. But Georgie, wrapped up in his injury, dropped her hand to gaze with deep reproach at poor Anne, and Drusilla moved to her sister's side with a sudden impulse of tenderness. Anne, however, pushed her away and turned with a quick gesture of appeal to Georgie. But she might have spared herself that last humiliation. He only rammed his straw hat further over his moody eyes, plunged his hands into his pockets and strode off. And at the distance of a few yards he stopped and turned to look reproachfully at poor Anne.

"I hate a woman to be false," said he. And I expect he did.

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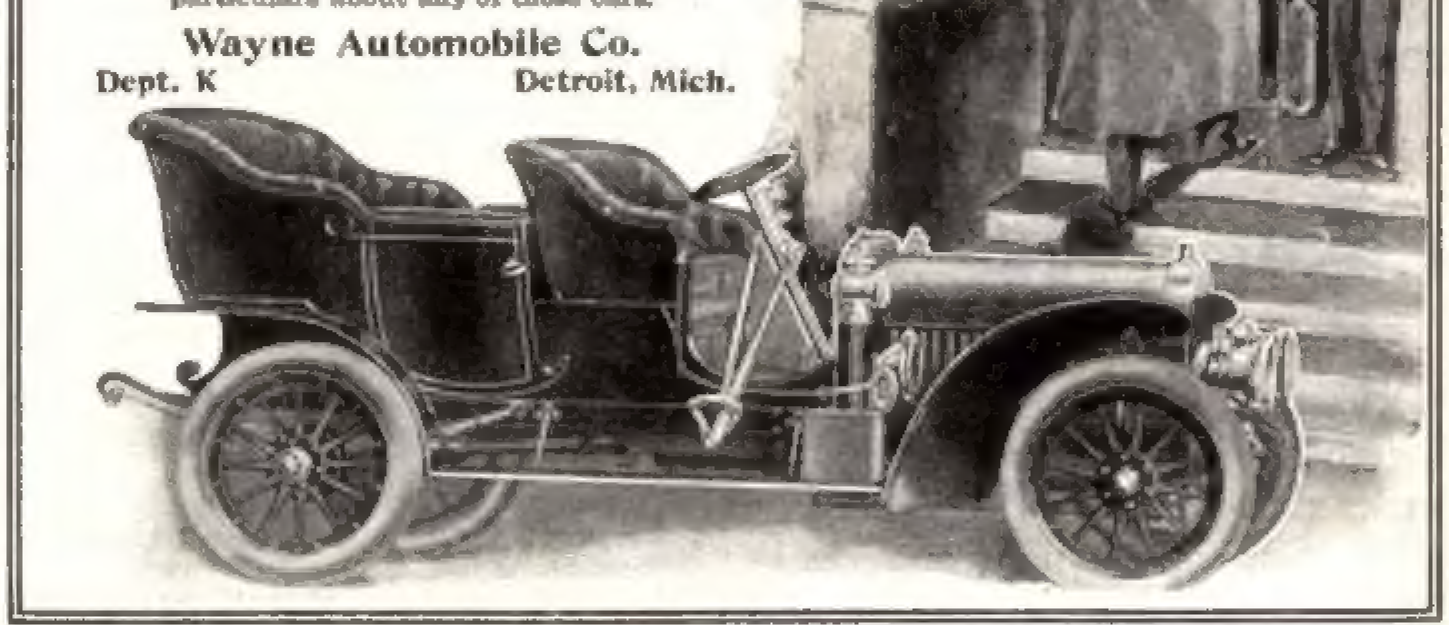

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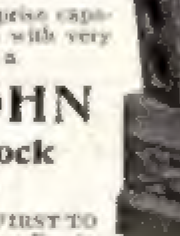

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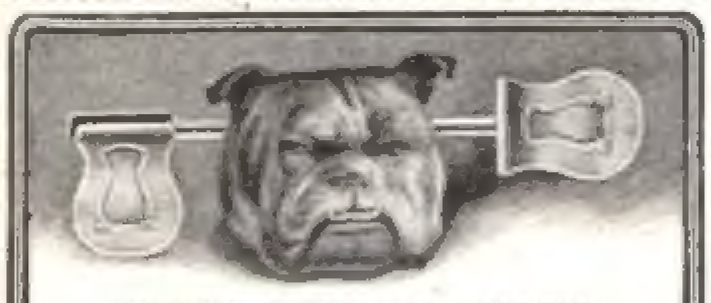

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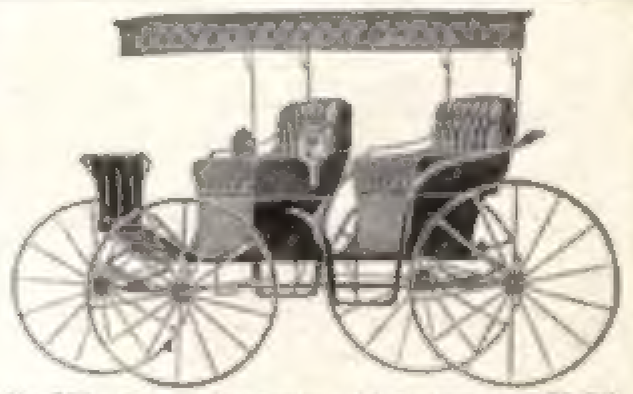

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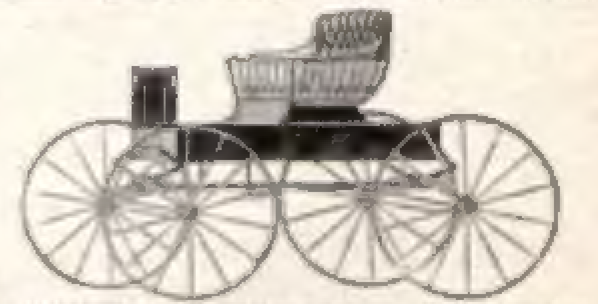

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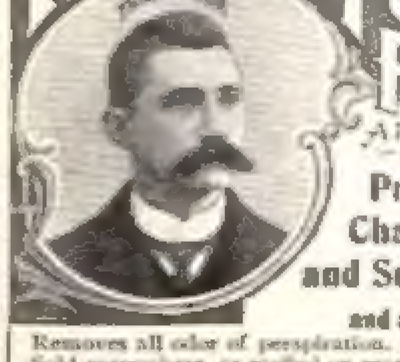

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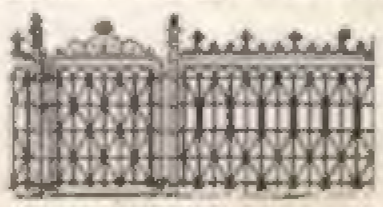

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